THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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AT OGDEN'S GROVE.

Grand Gathering of Patriotic Irishmen and Women at the Historic Muster Place—One of the Finest Assemblages Ever Seen There.

Eloquent and Stirring Speeches by Attorney-General Maloney, M. J. Doyle, of Michigan, Col. Kavanaugh And Others.

Display of Fireworks in the Evening.

The celebration, on Aug. 15, of the 298th anniversary of the Battle of the Yellow Ford, and O'Donnell's victory over the English under Sir Conyers Clifford at the Curlew Mountains, in 1599, was one of the greatest events in the history of Ogden Grove celebrations. It was, perhaps, the largest Irish gathering that ever assembled there. In fact there was hardly room to move around. The utmost harmony and good humor prevailed, and not an incident occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion. Some people figured the attendance as high as 20,000, and, certainly it could not, judging by appearances, have fallen much under that figure.

The Seventh regiment, under command of Col. Kavanaugh, and the Clanna-Gael guards, commanded by Maj. O'Reilly, marched at the head of the United Societies, and escorted the speakers from McCoy's hotel to the grove. The Seventh Regiment band led the parade, with melodies endeared to the Irish heart.

In the dancing pavilion, Uncle Jimmy Lane, who is 101 years of age, demonstrated that his heels still possessed the essence of youth, while Auntie Gross, 93 years old, pinned boutonnieres on the coat lapels of Capt. Brenan and others. One buxom Irish girl with a grip of iron, broke a strength-testing machine with her mighty pull, while the man with green balloons sold out his entire stock before 3 o'clock. So says the Times-Herald.

The speakers' platform, situated at the north end of the grove, was magnificently decorated with American and Irish bunting. Only one great drawback to the convenience of the place as a picnic ground existed—the proximity of the railroad tracks. The movement of trains and noise of locomotive whistles and escaping steam, rendered it difficult at times to hear most of the speakers.

Among those present were the following: John J. Mahoney, J. J. Gubbins, James C. Strain, William Houlahan, Harry Fleming, John Dowling, John T. Keating, Frank X. Finnegan, Bernard J. Mahony, M. S. Hyland, Joseph D. Sullivan, Arthur Donoghue, T. H. Clifford, Harry Meade, Robert Monahan, P. C. Desmond, James T. Clarke, Richard Byrnes, A. J. Malone, P. F. Scott, M. J. Moran, John J. Purcell, Thomas Duffy, L. R. Buckley, M. J. Kelly, P. J. O'Sullivan, Thomas Boland, Miles McPadden, William J. O'Connor, J. Moynihan, M. Whalen, F. J. Houlihan, F. J. Conroy, Harry Gibbons, T. J. Calkins, David L. Barry, Thomas Condon, A. McDonald, Thomas Burke, D. Gleason, John O'Malley, Michael Heaney, Thos. J. O'Hearn, Patrick Burke, Patrick Noonan, Daniel Harrington, Michael Hanley, Dennis McLaughlin, John J. Quinn, Patrick Murphy, Simon Maloney, Thomas Mulcahy, P. F. Conway, James J. Reilly, H. K. Jordan, Thomas A. Cantwell, Patrick Loftus, Owen Ahern, E. E. Walsh, W. J. Fortune, T. J. Cullinane, Joseph O'Donoghue, T. E. Finnigan, Thomas Ahearn, E. Mullen, T. J. Stanton, James McLaughlin, J. J. Kinnane, Frank Moss, Daniel O'Connor, Patrick O'Brien, E. McCann, J. Lane, M. Garrity, John Dunn, James J. Trant, William H. Joyce, Simon J. Forhan, S. P. Reynolds, Martin J. Mullins, John D. McCarthy, P. H. Keenan, Walter J. Gibbons, J. H. Harrington, John M. Murphy, P. B. Flanagan, A. J. Ford, P. J. O'Brien, M. S. Finnegan, John McNulty, John McEniff, Patrick Courtney, John P. Casey, John P. Reynolds, James Burns, Patrick Kinslow, James P. Costello, Bernard Bourke, Thos. F. Jacob, James W. Rielly, D. D. Harrington, Martin Mulcahy, John Roche, D. J. Gallery, M. J. Kelly, Timothy Clohesey, John J McKevitt, D. J. Deasey, John McGovern, Thomas A. Foley, John E. Long, James Storen, P. T. O'Sullivan, T. F. McCarthy, C. Callighan, William McCoy, Edmund Hogan, Joseph Healy, Hugh Ryan, M. Kennedy, M. O'Connell, M. McDonough, M. Longerman, B. A. Galligan, P. Corcoran, William Dwyer, John H. Scott, Ignatius Brady, M. W. Williams, P. C. Finnerty, John Byrnes, John J. Prendergast, Thomas O'Neil Jones, Morgan Collins, James O'Toole, Michael Mulcahy, Peter Crowley, John McCaffery, John Devlin.

AFTERNOON MEETING.

The afternoon meeting was called to order at 3 o'clock by John J. Mahoney, President of the United Irish Societies, who introduced the Hon. M. T. Maloney to preside. Mr. Maloney, who was enthusiastically received, spoke as follows:

Mr. Maloney's Speech.

Ladies and Gentlemen—It is with pleasure that I respond to the request of the committee on arrangements to preside on this occasion. There is no position I would rather fill than to preside at an entertainment of this kind, given by the United Irish Societies of the City of Chicago. At any time and in any place it should not only be a pleasure but an honor for an Irishman to the manor born, to preside over the festivities of those who are well known to be the hospitable, kindly Irish of the Irish. And yet, notwithstanding these feelings, my friends, you may be surprised to learn that I was almost persuaded to decline this office of "master of ceremonies." And the reason therefor is obvious to those who know me. In confidence, however, let me impart the secret to those who do not. It arises from an innate modesty—a grievous fault you will say, but one which you know is characteristic of our race, and which, notwithstanding my profession, I have never been quite able to overcome. The position itself is rather a peculiar one. It requires no particular ability. It is not onerous and yet it is.

First and foremost, every presiding officer must insist on absolute order and decorum on the part of the audience. Such insistence is often attended with grave peril. He should not speak himself. He is there, if at all, to be seen and not to be heard. This in itself is doubly advantageous, alike to the chairman, and to those who might be compelled to listen to him. Others are selected to do the speaking, the orating, as it were. He should, however, be able to give to the audience, to those who sit in the applauding gallery, a timely nod, an audible wink, as it were, at the proper time to applaud—to cheer the speaker. And when the occasion arrives for a hiss, he should again audibly frown.

But levity aside, my friends, for I do not wish to monopolize the time or prevent you from hearing the gentlemen whom I will introduce to you, in all sincerity let me say that it affords me the most profound satisfaction to meet so many fellow citizens on this occasion. Meetings of this kind, even from a material aspect, are productive of great good, not only to those present, but because of the laudable example they furnish others. There is time for work and time for play. A day's recreation, a day's relaxation from the usual and ordinary avocations of this busy life, are boons and blessings to those who participate in them. They restore our wasted energies. Like social gatherings are periodically witnessed among other peoples. In no other country can such scenes be witnessed. Here, today, are assembled with their friends, the children of the Gael, to enjoy a day's outing, to renew acquaintanceship, to form new friendships, to extend kindly greetings to one another, and in addition to renew and perpetuate that ennobling sentiment "of love for the country of one's birth." Here beneath the aegis and within the fold of the great Republic, Irish men and women can meet as free men and women, and not feel that they are an inferior, dependent or slavish race. With a fair capacity for self-government, possessed of a keen intelligence and with minds inferior to none, they have had in the past a checkered career, a country but no government, nothing to say in the management and administration of its affairs. Foreigners preside over the destinies of that nation, and for years and years have filched from the people the result of their honest toil.

We who assemble here today, no longer able to bear the iron that had entered our souls, bade a long adieu to the country of our birth, and came here to enjoy the blessings of liberty, denied us at home. These thoughts suggest and furnish food for reflection. We should pause and seriously ponder them. In my humble opinion they should doubly stimulate every man of Irish birth to become a more worthy American citizen, even though he was born within the domain of the Republic. In this country we enjoy, equally with all the rest of our fellow citizens, the blessings of the best government the world has ever known. The genius of our institutions, so opposite to those we experienced in Ireland—where every man, however humble his position, may aspire to the highest honors in the State, may select his own career, and carve out his own fortune, where the light of knowledge instead of being centered on a chosen few, is shed abroad like the light of day, to fall equally on the rich and poor—where the meeting of man with man in the busy walks of life awakens and generates a holy emulation, that gives rise to latent talents and tasks the energy to the straining—where consciousness of independence gives a feeling of self-reliance unknown to the slavish subjects of despotisms—where, in a word, the government is made for man, and not as in Ireland, where man is made only for the landlords and the English government.

My friends, even in this great republic the problem of self-government is as yet unsolved. We are yet only in the experimental stage, and it behooves us to watch and guard those sacred institutions with double zeal and faithfulness. And without desiring to cast the faintest shadow on the threshhold of your festivities, let me recall to mind, that even in this generous land we sometimes hear of bickerings and enmities arising between persons by reason of religious, political or other divergent cause. A broad and kindly spirit should animate the breast of every man and woman when dealing with subjects of this kind; and everything that would tend to the slightest estrangement between the common people and our common country should be frowned down. No religious intolerance, no political ostracism, no rancor arising from a discussion of such subjects should ever find lodgement in the breast of an Irishman. May I not on all these questions bespeak for my race the broadest charity, the most kindly tolerance towards all our fellow-citizens. And, after all, notwithstanding those occasional excrescences that, from time to time appear upon the body politic (and they are more apparent than real) I believe there exists today away deep down in the national heart, beneath the billowy agitation of party strife and sectarian hatred, an electric cable, which binds and welds into one homogeneous whole all the people of our common country. In conclusion let me say as I have faith in the promises of God so I have hope in the aspirations of man, as well as confidence in the perpetuity of our republic. Our race is eternal; our career should be onward, higher and still higher, higher as of the eagle when with unblenching eye he takes his flight in the rays of the noonday sun; higher as of those myriads of stars, which encircle the footstool of the eternal throne; higher still as of those angelic spirits, until with them we find our home in the bosom of our Father and our God.

The Address.

The following address, issued by the United Irish Societies, was read by J. P. Rafferty, and adopted in lieu of resolutions:

"On behalf of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago and the United Irish Societies of Cook County, we extend to you, fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen, and to our American friends assembled here today a hearty Cead Mille Failthe.

"For the twenty-first time, under the benign influence of free America you are called together from the cares and vicissitudes of life, to enjoy the pleasures and participate in the festivities of our splendid annual demonstration, as well as to celebrate in a befitting manner the anniversary of the glorious victories of the Yellow Ford and the Curlew Mountains. Although nearly 300 years have rolled away since those memorable events in Ireland's checkered history were fought and won, yet the memory of the O'Neill and O'Donnell, through those military genius and superb generalship they were accomplished, is as green and as fresh in the loving hearts of their grateful countrymen as on the day when reposing confidence in the intercession of the blessed Mother of God they joyously celebrated her sacred festival by annihilating the foes of religion and the enemies of human liberty and civilization—the brutal forces of bloody Elizabeth. Would to God that such brave, heroic, and unselfish leaders as the O'Neill and O'Donnell would spring up in dear old Ireland today, so that the gloom and sorrow which now darken and wrinkle her charming brow, might be transformed into a halo of glory from which would radiate as of old the light of liberty and national independence.

"Today Ireland is unfortunate in the character of her public men, who seek to guide the destinies of her political affairs. While her so-called leaders waste their strength and humiliate their country by their personal bickerings and factional quarrels, her unrelenting enemies and hereditary oppressors are as united as ever in their unholy efforts to exterminate her race, and extinguish the ennobling aspirations of her liberty-loving sons at home and abroad. We appeal once more to our warring countrymen in Ireland with all the fervent love and sterling patriotism begotten of a long and happy association in this free and peerless republic of the Western world, to heal the wounds of the past, so that with a united and determined voice they may be enabled to continue their country's struggle with greater success until the Goddess of Liberty smiles upon her as she sits enthroned among the nations of the earth.

"We regret that the disunited and disorganized condition of public affairs in Ireland forbids us to participate in her National convention, to be held in Dublin next September. We would cheerfully send a representative to that gathering of our race did we believe that it represented a united people, assembled together to proclaim to the world in no uncertain voice their unchangeable devotion to the undying principles of human liberty, for which the O'Neill and the O'Donnell successfully contended, and for which Wolfe Tone and Emmet fought and died. As representatives of the enlightened thought of the Irish race in America in mass meeting assembled, we earnestly appeal to the fair, just and liberty-loving people, not only in England, but throughout the civilized world, to demand the immediate release of all the political prisoners, Irish and American, now confined in English dungeons for offenses which we believe they never committed. We highly commend the spirit and justice and impartiality that animated the public men of Illinois who recently raised their eloquent voices at the amnesty meeting, held at Battery D in this city, in behalf of the ill-treated and outraged prisoners.

"Since last we assembled in this historic grove, death has removed from our midst one of the noblest patriots that ever enlisted in the cause of Irish liberty. Ever foremost among the men who stood by the cause of Ireland in the hour of trial, he cheerfully gave of his time, his energies and his means for the attainment of her freedom. Today our hearts reverently turn in sorrow to the grave where repose the remains of our dear friend and comrade, Francis Agnew, whose soul we pray is now enjoying in the beatific presence of God the blessings of a pure and well spent life.

"Believing as we do in the eternal principles of liberty for all peoples, we cordially extend to the patriotic citizens of Cuba, who are bravely trying to establish a republican form of government in their native land, our earnest sympathy, and sincerely hope that success may crown their efforts.

"Again reaffirming our loyalty and fidelity to the glorious institutions protectected by the immortal Stars and Stripes, and anxiously awaiting the arrival of that happy day when we shall from this platform celebrate the victory of Ireland, 'a nation free and grand,' we have the honor of subscribing ourselves your friends and colleagues in the Irish cause till won."

JOHN J. MAHONEY, Pres.
JOHN E. LONG, Vice-Pres.
JOHN ROCHE, Treas.
F. J. CONROY, Sec'y.
A. J. DONOGHUE,
United Irish Societies.

Col. Marcus Kavanaugh was then introduced, and made one of the most eloquent addresses ever delivered at the Grove. Unfortunately, no stenographic report of it was taken, owing to an error on the part of the reporter assigned to the duty, who thought the colonel was to speak in the evening, and, therefore, left before he spoke in the afternoon.

The chairman then introduced Mr. Doyle, who spoke thus:

Mr. M. J. Doyle's Speech.

This gathering of the sons and daughters of Hibernia I take to be more than a mere sociable, a holiday celebration. It is also, if I misapprehend not its full import, a declaration clear and unqualified, a pronouncement full and positive, a further reiteration of the oft avowed affirmance, that the love of the Celt for his native land is neither dead nor dying; that the remembrance of her wrongs is neither obliterated nor obscured, and that through all the years and all the changes the purpose to restore her plundered prerogatives has been unalterably maintained. As a son of the Gael, naturally solicitous for the vicissitudes of the motherland, I find it of course a pleasurable duty to participate in this demonstration. I am with you, however, also on other and broader grounds.

I am here today as an American citizen sympathizingly watching a struggle for national liberty. I am here also as one gratefully cognizant of the contributions of Irish chivalry and genius to the establishment and maintenance of a great Republic whose blessings I enjoy. I am here also in obedience to a command holier and higher than national or racial affection, that of the broad humanity of the advanced enlightenment of the present age. Irish patriotism is better understood as the moments of time increase, as the cycle of years rolls round. The stranger regards it not today as the mad march of an aimless mob. An ever advancing enlightenment has taken it from the once designated realms of racial feud; the mists of religious prejudice dispelled, its true character becomes less and less obscure. Nearly one hundred years have gone by since that September morning when the beheaded body of Robert Emmet was taken from the Thomas street scaffold, but the cause which was struck at in his execution has lost not one drop of its vital fluid. Civilization has contemptuously torn into shreds the wicked charge of Norbury, and in the stead of England's stigma of felony has placed the hero's chaplet of honor upon his noble brow.

The men who were shot down at Enniscorthy, New Ross and Vinegar Hill, whose bodies lie in unmarked graves, and whose memories were held up to all the world for execration, found their eventual vindication on the floor of the British house of commons, and from the lips of William Gladstone, England's own premier. So it has come to pass that that which at the dawn of the 19th century was condemned as treason is, at the close of that same century, indisputably commended as patriotism. Cleared, however, as the Irish question has been from the slanders that a powerful government, aided by a hostile press, environed it with, elevated though it has been from a provincial insurrection to a nation's revolution; extended as it now is from a mere insular concern to a problem of world-wide interest, yet by some inexplicable decree of fate, Ireland yet finds herself today, notwithstanding the vindication of all her claims before the great tribunal of civilization; notwithstanding the sympathetic judgment of contemporary people, forced to realize that she can expect from her historic foe no consideration save that which fear alone impels. Parliamentary agitation has been vainly tried; constitutional action has been fruitlessly invoked; reason has become tired in its efforts for reform; representatives have been sent to the alien parliament there to find only rebuke and scorn at the foot of England's throne. Lips than which more eloquent never pleaded for justice, have told over and over until all the world wearied at the sad story of Ireland's woe. And now 700 long years after the inauguration of her attempted conquest, with wrongs unredressed, rights still denied, her national sovereignty unrestored, she stands face to face with the hereditary foe.

Shall these conditions be continued? Shall this situation remain unchanged? Shall centuries come and go and with all the world advancing, Ireland be permitted to still endure outrage and wrong? What say the twenty millions of Ireland's exiled sons? One hundred and twenty years ago thirteen feeble colonies, comprising less than three millions of souls, met a like situation against the same identical foe. The action of that resolute band of colonists gave to history the Declaration of American Independence, and gave to humanity the Constitution of the United States. Few, even of the most enthusiastic of the Irish Nationalists, expect an immediate armed effort for Irish liberty. The policy of a true friend of the old land is that of ready patient expectation. Until the long looked for opportunity arrives, however, the exiled sons and daughters of Hibernia have a practical mission to execute, a solemn duty to perform. In British jails, victims of starvation and disease, slowly and cruelly eking out their lives, almost entirely unremembered by the outside world, lie the remnant of that noble band of Irish political prisoners who sacrificed their liberties and imperiled their lives for their country's cause. There is deep humiliation in this reflection for us who boast our Irish nationality; it is difficult to reconcile the indifference thus exhibited with the ostentatious parade of patriotic purpose. We can well afford for a time at least to cease all self glorification, and give our thoughts to those imprisoned heroes. The walls of England's strongest prison could not resist a combined and sustained effort of the race to liberate our incarcerated kindred. I can not believe that it is beyond the power of our people to secure reprieve for the imprisoned Fenians, and I conceive of no purpose more imperatively required. There is no ground on which, in the light of this day's civilization, the British government can attempt to justify their continued imprisonment, and this one act of Royal clemency at least can be wrung from its unwilling hands.

There is no act which they attempted; no ambition which they encouraged; no hope they entertained that has not been unequivocally approved by the leading statesmen of the British empire. I know of no higher purpose to which organized Irish nationality can devote itself at this time and under present conditions, than to the one holy purpose of the liberation of the men whose lives have been committed to British cells. We do well to teach the lessons of Irish history to our Irish-American boys and girls. Not a festival of Irish thought need be neglected. We may recall with pride the "glories of Brain the Brave, though the days of the hero are o'er." And even though—

"The Emerald gem of the western world
Is set in the crown of a stranger.
We recall the days of old.
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her.
When Malachi wore the collar of gold
Which he won from the proud invader."

These indeed are worthy methods to perpetuate the national sentiment, but could the dead heroes of Irish history speak in mortal accents, they would bid those panegyrics cease while the living champions of their cause lie immured and unheeded in British dungeons. Poets and orators have paid glowing tribute to Irish love, wit and valor. The time and energy once needed to remove prejudices and place our people in their true light are not so now demanded. In this field comparatively little time need be spent. All the world understands to day what Ireland's rights are, and what the issue is between her people and the alien government that seeks to hold her in perpetual thrall. In the building of this great nation the Irish nation has proved a not unimportant factor, and is recognized today as an influential element of the American people. As students, Ireland's sons have won distinction in the halls of learning; as soldiers, glory on the field of battle; as statesmen they have contributed to the nation's weal; as judges, have added lustre to the dignity and learning of the bench; her ecclesiastics have planted the standard of man's redemption in the most distant sections of the country, maintaining with equal fidelity their duties to their country and to their God.

The influence that may be legitimately exercised by the Irish-American for the good of the old land can, however, be weakened by an improper use of the advantages that our people possess. I dread more than any other possible event, the introduction of domestic political rivalries into Irish national affairs. It will be utterly impossible to aid the Irish movement if our people permit it in any way to be used for the advancement or retirement of those who in this way seek preferment in political life. Every association of Irish history; all the instincts of Irish character; all the recollection of honest self sacrifice for Irish liberty unite in condemnation of any policy that would make the course of Irish national concerns a highway for personal ambition or party intrigue.

The memories of Hugh O'Neill, Patrick Sarsfield, Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet, Thomas Francis Meagher, honest John Mitchel, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, John Boyle O'Reilly, all cluster in protecting solliage around the sacred sentiment of Irish nationality as closely as around the ruins of some ancient chapel the ivy folds its loving vines. Perish the purpose and damned be the thought that would pollute memories so sacred, and ambition so hallowed by rivalry for office, emolument or power. There is no place in the lines of Irish national work for those who would thus seek personal preferment or party triumph. It is difficult for us on this side of the Atlantic at all times to pass true judgment upon the motives or work of men at home, and therefore, as a son, a humble member of the Irish race, as one in whose heart by revered parental teaching was placed the seed of Irish patriotism, I would advise our people in this republic to hesitate in taking sides in such controversies as may rise at home from time to time. When a united party has mapped out intelligently its line of work it may safely depend, at all times and under all conditions, on a loyal and generous support from their kindred abroad.

I have little more to say—I have but one additional thought to advance—one further suggestion to offer. The Irish people in these United States can contribute to the advancement of the independence of their native land, not only by proving their fidelity to her, but likewise by insisting at all times, and in every department of their citizenship, their worth as citizens of this great republic, that when homeless and ostracized by all the world, took them lovingly to her breast and around their persecuted lives flung the protecting folds of the American flag. To this great republic of the west, Ireland's sons can never prove too grateful. But for the sympathy and the assistance of the great moral force of American sympathy, the sentiment of Irish nationality I fear would not have been alive this day. When at the close of the eighteenth century the British government took from the cross on which its mangled body was crucified, the sentiment of Irish nationality, and placed it in the sepulcher of oblivion, sealed by the rocks of power, slander and hate, it was in the American say that the first flash of lightning struck for liberty that split in twain the unyielding rocks, opening wide the doors of the sepulcher, from which arose the revivified sentiment of the fleence fore and immortal Irish nationality.

EVENING MEETING.

The evening meeting was called to order by President Mahoney at 8 o'clock. He introduced the Rev. D. M. O'Brien to preside. Father O'Brien was very warmly greeted and delivered a speech entirely appropriate to the occasion. He reviewed ably and succinctly the successive struggles of Ireland against British rule, from the days of Henry VIII to those of Victoria, and said he believed the vexed question never could be settled until the fondest aspiration of the Irish heart was gratified by the restoration of Ireland to nationality.

Mr. J. J. Gubbins then read the address of the executive committee, as already given, after which the chairman introduced John F. Finerty, who said in part that so long as England makes laws to bind Ireland so long will the struggle proceed. There is not a sky from which the stars shine tonight that does not shelter millions of our race. We have no reason to blush for our cause. The old land is still green and Ireland is Ireland still applause. No act of parliament can shut up the Irish sea and St. George's channel is as broad as it was seven centuries ago. God designed Ireland for a separate government. Ireland's only curse is British dominion—the curse that the American people shook off more than a hundred years ago. He had no use for a man like Thomas F. Bayard or a company like the ancient and honorable artillery of Boston, which was captured by the Prince of Wales. It was about the first time the English had made prisoners of an American artillery company, and they had made much of the event.

The four men liberated from English dungeons the other day had suffered for Ireland's liberty. They entered twelve years ago young men, and emerge today staggering and broken from solitary confinement. We honor them because they have the marks of English fetters upon their limbs. If they committed the acts charged against them, they did so because they had given up hope in milder methods. It required the courage of despair to strike, uninspired by blare of bugle or beat of drum, at an empire that had hundreds of thousands of armed men at its disposal. There were those among the Irish who condemned all effort; who said that nothing was of avail against the power of England, and who, wrapping themselves in their own icy selfishness took no part in the struggle. They would pass away in the fulness of time unwept, unhonored and unsung. They were of the class who, were the world on fire, would not throw water on the blaze for fear it might cost them a dollar. But the deeds done, the sacrifices made by patriots, whether high or humble, would live forever. Therefore it was that Ireland and all true Irishmen and Irishwomen, too, honored the Irish political martyrs whether released or in prison. They honored them more in their changed and infirm state, aye in their convict clothes, than if they were all the stars and crosses of the Wellingtons, the Wolseleys and the Robertses, who had drawn the sword for the domination of England. (Loud and prolonged cheering). Not all of them had yet been released, but the Irish Nationalists would not cease their efforts while a single one of their countrymen remained in the prison cells of the British enemy. (Renewed applause). They could congratulate themselves that the great amnesty meeting, held in Chicago, on July 25, had done something, at least, to forward the cause of the men held in bondage. The eloquent plea of Senator Cullom (loud cheers), the generous words of Gov. Altgeld prolonged applause) and the burning sentences of that faithful friend of liberty, the Rev. Emil G. Hirsch (great cheering), had been heard across the ocean. Their friends in France, in Australia, in South Africa and in different parts of America had not been idle, and Ireland herself, through her vigorous amnesty association, had aided splendidly in the good work.

In spite of misfortunes and disappointments, the Irish cause was still advancing. Constancy and firmness would finally triumph. They had seen that morning the clouds obscure the sun and darken the face of nature. With the afternoon came the refreshing shower and the fresh breeze, and the great orb shone forth in all his splendor to bless the earth and cheer their reunion. So, too, with Ireland. The morning clouds began to break, and the blood and tears she had shed in the cause of liberty would dissipate the vapors of her bondage and make her bask again in the sunlight of freedom (prolonged applause); her flag the symbol and the glory of a free and independent nation. (Prolonged cheering).

Mr. J. J. Phelan then led in the singing of "God Save Ireland," in which the audience joined, and the meeting adjourned.

The subsequent display of fireworks was magnificent beyond description.

Feed the nerves upon pure, rich blood and you will not be nervous. Pure blood comes by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which is thus the greatest and best nerve tonic.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. All druggists, 25c.

Harvest Excursions.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, and October 6, 20, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. and most of the eastern railroads will sell Excursion tickets at very low rates to the farm lands and principal cities of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Take this opportunity to go and see the splendid crops that Nebraska, Northern Kansas and other western sections have produced this year. See that your ticket reads via Burlington Route. Send for a pamphlet mailed free about western farm lands to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

An Old Nurse for Children.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

POOR CASE OF SPAIN.

CAN NOT RECOVER DAMAGES FOR FILIBUSTER OPERATIONS.

Uncle Sam Not Responsible After the Courts Have Acquitted the Accused—Lays with the Spanish Officials to "Mark Down" the Breakers.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—In official circles yesterday there was considerable discussion concerning the pamphlet of the Spanish legation prepared by its attorney, Calderon Carlisle. While it is acknowledged that the only prima facie object of the document could be the laying of the foundation for claims against the United States there was also intimation that the pamphlet was issued and given wide circulation for the purpose of making the United States more vigilant in preventing filibustering expeditions leaving the shores of the United States, as the Cubans in this country are redoubling their efforts to send munitions of war to the insurgents. It is known that from the beginning of the trouble in Cuba Secretary Olney has made every effort to have the United States so to act as to be able to prove that the government has done everything possible to check expeditions against Spain.

Position of Bayard in 1885.

It was said yesteaday, unofficially, that every claim that Spain could make against the United States would be met in such a way as to destroy all ground for damages. Attention was called to the note of Secretary of State Bayard to Julian Valero, who in 1885 was minister from Spain and called attention to the celebration of the arrival in Cuba of filibustering expeditions and of expressions of sympathy for the Cubans, and pointing out that the trial of offenders by jury was a serious argument against appealing to the courts, as the people would sympathize, and the offenders would be acquitted. To this portion of the Spanish minister's note Bayard replied that the government of the United States did not attempt to exercise any power over the opinions and expressions of the people within its domains.

Must Be Judicially Ascertained.

"Proceedings under the neutrality laws of the United States are set in motion by due information made under oath by some person cognizant of the facts alleged or possessing belief sufficient to that end," wrote Bayard. It is upon this position of Bayard that the state department and the United States government has been acting. It has been and is ready to act as soon as it has information of unlawful acts. Bayard in his note added: "The executive can no more punish or repress offenses of this nature [expeditions against another government] without the judicial ascertainment of the fact that an unlawful act has been committed, than it could by administrative mandate award death on charge of murder. Neither in one case nor the other could the representation of parties claiming to be aggrieved over-ride the indispensable requisite of a judicial proceeding."

SPAIN MUST LOCATE FILIBUSTERS.

Bayard's Views Held to Answer Fully the Spanish Assumption.

Bayard says considerable more on this point, emphasizing his position. He does not ask Spain to be the plaintiff, but says the United States will be the plaintiff in all cases where a breach of the law is charged which will bring the case within the statute. "The law being in control of the case must follow it to the end. The executive has no authority over the judiciary. The expressions of sympathy cannot be controlled, however misplaced."

Bayard concludes by saying: "Permit me to assure you that if any attempt made on your part or by your agents to cause the laws applicable to the case and the international obligations of the United States to be respected to their fullest extent, shall fail, and the incident be brought to the attention of this department, it will promptly lend its aid to vindicate the law and enforce its remedies."

Bayard thus placed the responsibility of locating filibusters and hostile demonstrations against Spain upon the Spanish government. The entire note is pointed out as defining the position of the United States in the present case, and answering fully the assumption of the counsel of the Spanish legation in the pamphlet just published.

OGDEN WINS A RICH STAKE.

Captures the Futurity with a Roll Attached of $44,290.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—The Futurity was won by Marcus Daly's br. c. Ogden, by Kilwarlin out of Oriole; Ornament, second; Rodermond, third; time, 1:10. The race was run as follows: After a delay at the post of twenty minutes Ornament got off in the lead with Rhodesia second and Bastion third. At the quarter Rhodesia was first by a neck, Scottish Chieftain second by a neck, Bastion third. At the half Rhodesia was first by half a length, Bastion second, Scottish Chieftain third.

Entering the stretch Rhodesia was first, Scottish Chieftain second, Ornament third, Challenger fourth, Ogden fifth, and at the finish it was Ogden first (easy) by one length, Ornament second by one length, Rodermond third. The stake was worth $49,790, of which about $44,290 went to the winner, $3,666 to Ornament and $1,833 to Rodermond.

Six Deaths in a Storm.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 14.—Yesterday morning at 8 o'clock this city and vicinity was visited by one of the heaviest and most persistent downpours of rain that has been seen here for years. It carried death and destruction with it, and as a result six lives were sacrificed and thousands of dollars worth of property laid waste. The dead are: Mrs. Susan Auld, widow, aged 74; Mrs. Ellen Poppleton, widow, aged 79; Mrs. Florence Robinson, her daughter, aged 34; Martin Cochran, infant; Omeil Schafer, 10 years; unknown man. The storm came from the southwest, preceded by dark and threatening clouds which obscured the sun and enveloped the city in an almost Egyptian darkness.

Stepped Into a Running Thresher.

POSTVILLE, Ia., Aug. 17.—Walter Lynges, while cleaning around a theshing machine at Myron, a village a few miles north of Postville, stepped feet foremost into the cylinder. He lived two hours after the thresher had been taken apart and his torn body removed.

Ex-President Campero Dead.

LIMA, Peru, Aug. 17.—Advices received here Saturday from Bolivia announce that ex-President Campero died Aug. 12.

GOLD DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

Formal Call Issued for the Meeting at Indianapolis Sept. 2.

CHICAGO, Aug 18.—The executive committee of the gold standard Democratic party in session here yesterday issued the formal call for the national convention at Indianapolis, Sept. 2.

The call says the Democratic party is the only existing political organization with a history extending back to the birth of the republic and that it has survived all defeats and predictions of its death. It has held fast to the principles of its founders, from Jefferson to Cleveland, among which are enumerated opposition to paternal legislation, an honest stable medium of exchange, opposition to the idea that money can be supplied by legislation with that value it can only possess through its qualities, freedom of speech, conscience, trade and contract and obedience to duly constituted authority.

The delegates to the Chicago convention were authorized and had power to proclaim a platform embodying their views of the true solution of the particular problems of government now agitating the nation, but upon the condition that such platform should be consistent with cardinal principals held by the party throughout its existence. It was, therefore, not within the power of any majority of the delegates assembled at Chicago to bind Democrats of the United States to a platform inconsistent with the party's principles, or to any action that should result in their surrender.

The trust reposed in that convention, the call says, was violated and all Democrats are absolved from obligation to support the Chicago programme. The duty of Democrats is to stand steadfast for the ancient faith, rally round the historic banner, reform the broken line and restore the name Democrat to its former meaning.

"To this end we request all Democrats who are opposed to the platform adopted and candidates nominated at Chicago to organize in their several states and send representatives to the convention of the national Democratic party to be held at Indianapolis on Wednesday, Sept. 2, 1896."

FUSIONISTS OF IOWA.

They Meet at Ottumwa and Adopt a Platform and a Ticket.

OTTUMWA, Ia., Aug 13.—Complete fusion was effected by Democrats, Populists and free silver Republicans at the demi-state convention here yesterday. The state ticket was divided and the terms of division in congressional districts were also agreed upon for congress. The attendance at the convention was not large. Some counties were not rerpesented. Blackhawk county, the home of ex-Governor Boies, which had a split in the county convention, had no representatives present, both contesting delegations remaining at home. Judge Van Wagenen, temporary chairman, made a lengthy free silver speech. J. J. Shea, of Council Bluffs, permanent chairman, made a short speech, as did also Dr. Roberts, of Fort Madison, chairman of the committee on resolutions. The financial plank adopted demands the free coinage of silver.

The ticket selected is as follows: For electors-at-large, Horace Boies, of Waterloo (Dem.); General James B. Weaver, of Colfax (Pop); secretary of state, L. H. Kaff, of Clarke (Dem.); auditor of state, G. W. Davis, of Louisa (Pop.); attorney general, William D. Boies, of O'Brian (Dem.); treasurer, Charles Busgnitz, of Clayton (Dem.); supreme judge, Senator Bolter, of Harrison (Dem.); railroad commissioner (long term), Amos Steckel, of Davis (Silver Rep.); railroad commissioner (short term), Thomas J. Denson, of Fayette (Dem.) The state committee was reorganized by the selection of E. W. Curry, of the Eighth district, as chairman; E. M. Carr, Third district, secretary. John Foley, of the Fourth, was re-elected. H. L. Troop, of Mount Pleasant, silver man, succeeds J. D. F. Smith, gold man in the First. Henry Reigelman, gold man, succeeds himself in the Seventh.

Jackson Expedition Safe.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—The Jackson expedition is safe at Franz Josef land. The Windward left the Thames on June 20 to take supplies to the Jackson expedition and not to bring him back, as generally believed and currently reported. The Windward is understood to have accomplished her task, and found Dr. Nansen with the Jackson party. The commander of the Windward telegraphed Friday from Vardo that Jackson was met and relieved. Dr. Nansen was in Franz Josef land last June. Jackson met Dr. Nansen in June on the ice floes of Cape Flora. Dr. Nansen was surprised at the presence of explorers on Franz Josef land, as he himself had been living in a hut, quite close to one of Jackson's stations, for a long time.

Mexican Fanatics Are Vicious.

PHOENIX, A. T., Aug. 14.—The following dispatch to Governor Franklin is received here: "An assault was made at 8:30 o'clock a. m. on Nogales, Sonora, by filibusters. Three Mexicans are dead. Seven filibusters are dead, or captured. The party were Santa Teresa fanatics, and they are now heading toward Tucson or Solomonville. SAM WEBB, Collector."

Troops are after the attacking party and both sides of the Mexican-American line are guarded.

Iowa Gold Standard Democrats.

DES MOINES, Aug. 14.—A committee of the gold standard Democrats headed by L. M. Martin, national committeeman, and Henry Vollmer, chairman of the state committee, met here yesterday and issued a call for a state convention of gold standard Democrats to meet in Des Moines Aug. 26.

Engineer and Fireman Killed.

CHICAGO, Aug. 14.—At Otis, Ind., a wreck on the Lake Shore railway killed the engineer, James Griffin, and the fireman, Michael Roach.

THE DEATH RECORD.

SAMUEL K. MARTIN, wealthy Chicago lumberman, at Alma, Mich.

Bishop JEREMIAH O'SULLIVAN, at Mobile, Ala.

Dr. S. T. ANDERSON, prominent physician of Bloomington, Ills.

Sir JOHN MILLIAS, president of the Royal academy, at London.

HERBERT A. NEWTON, head of Yale's mathematical department, at New Haven, Conn.

DANIEL BUTTERS, well-known board of trade man, at Chicago.

SAMUEL WEST HATHAWAY, veteran of the Black Hawk war, at Galena, Ills.

Major JAMES CONNOR, at Fountain City, Ind.

JOHN M. FROWE, an old resident of Rockford, Ills.

GAIL HAMILTON DEAD

THE REAPER CLAIMS ANOTHER FAMOUS WOMAN

Who Has Made Her Mark on the Times in Which She Lived—The Literary Executrix of James G. Blaine, Her Work on His Biography Is Believed to Have Hastened the End.

HAMILTON, Mass., Aug. 18.—Miss Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton), the famous authoress, died last night at her beautiful home from the effects of a paralytic shock. Miss Dodge was stricken while at breakfast Sunday and immediately became unconscious. Medical aid was at once summoned and Miss Dodge removed to her bed, but while every possible means were adopted to restore her she never regained consciousness. Miss Augusta Dodge and other relatives were at the bedside when the end came. Too much work in mailing her last book, "The Valley of Death," during the hot weather broke her strength. No arrangements have as yet been made for the funeral.

Her Youth and Education.

Miss Mary Abigail Dodge, writer, biographer and controversialist, widely-known under the pen name of Gail Hamilton, was a native of the town in which she died, having been born in 1830. At the age of 10 years she went to Dr. Clark's private school in Cambridge. She was graduatrd from Ipswich academy at the age of 20. In 1851 she went to Hartford as assistant in the Hartford high school. She refused to take the customary examination, but was given the position without doing so. She was also instructor in physical science in this school for several years, and was subsequently governess in the family of Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, of Washington, the editor of the National Era, to which paper she became a contributor.

Was Blaine's Literary Executrix.

In 1865-7 she was one of the editors of "Our Young Folks," a magazine for children, published in Boston. From 1870 until a little over a year ago she had lived most of the time with her cousin, Mrs. James G. Blaine, in Washington. In course of this daily contact with the Blaine family Miss Dodge was led into a very close friendship with Mr. Blaine, and at the death of the latter she became his literary executrix, being in possession of all his papers and documents of value to her as his authorized biographer. She was engaged, as frequently as her health would permit, on Blaine's biography from the time of his death until her illness of last year, and it is thought her untiring devotion to the work was instrumental in bringing about that prostration.

NEVER RALLIED FROM THE ILLNESS.

List of Her Published Works—Her Famous Political Interviews.

Since the illness which came on so suddenly in the Blaine mansion in Washington Miss Dodge had lived very quietly at her old home in Hamilton, Mass. Her strength had never rallied after that illness so that she felt able to resume active work, and she was for weeks unable to see even intimate friends, but during that time she had been able to be driven about the town and to entertain in her old delightful manner the friends who have called upon her. Her literary work during this time has been fragmentary, done by the help of an amanuensis as a diversion, or when some current event has specially attracted her interest.

Gail Hamilton was a frequent contributor to prominent magazines, and her published works, written in a witty and aggressive style, consist largely of selections from her contributions. Her books include: "Country Living and Country Thinking," "Gala Days," "New Atmosphere and Stumbling Blocks," "Skirmishes and Sketches," "Red Letter Days in Applethorp and Summer Rest," "Wool Gathering," "Woman's Wrongs," "A Counter Irritant," "Battle of the Books," "Woman's Worth and Worthiness," "Little Folk Life," "Child World," "Twelve Miles from a Lemon," "Nursery Noonings," "Sermons for the Clergy," "First Love Is Best," "What Think Ye of Christ?" "Our Common School System," "Divine Guidance," "Memoriol to Allen W. Dodge" and "Insuppressible Book."

In 1887 she wrote a series of letters on civil service reform for a New York paper. Letters on a wide range of public questions written for the Boston Journal were widely copied throughout the United States. Miss Dodge's one novel, "First Love Is Best," had not the success which attended some of her other works. During recent years she engaged in political writing, and many famous review articles and political "interviews" have been accredited to her which have roused much warm discussion and have exerted more or less influence upon national politics.

DEADLY STORM IN ALABAMA.

Cyclone Kills Fifteen Persons and Destroys All the Crops.

SELMA, Aug. 17—News is received here from Augustine, Perry county, fourteen miles from a telegraph station, that a terrible and most destructive cyclone swept over that place on Thursday last, leveling everything in its path. Twelve negroes and three white people were killed by houses falling on them, and ten other persons were more or less injured.

The cyclone was followed by the heaviest rain that has fallen in that section in fifteen years. Creeks and branches were converted into raging torrents, sweeping away cotton, corn and other crops, causing heavy losses to planters.

President Andrews for Silver.

DENVER, Aug. 17.—President Andrews, of Brown university, one of the country's best known financial authorities, has come out for the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. Less than two years ago President Andrews was quite firm in the conviction that it would be most unwise for this country to reopen its mints to free coinage of both metals without European co-operation.

Turks Not in It with Cretans.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—The Athens correspondent of the Daily News telegraphs to his paper as follows: "Several hundred insurgents attacked and almost annihilated some Mussulmans who were marauding at Katovathia, near Heraklion. Turkish troops were sent to Heraklion to succor the Mussulmans, but they were also defeated."

British Parliament Prorogued.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—The session of parliament has come to an end having been prorogued with the delivery of the queen's speech and all the ancient ceremonies.

EAU CLAIRE BUILDING COLLAPSES.

Three Men Known To Be Dead, Four Missing and a Score Wounded.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Aug. 18.—Yesterday while a force of twenty-five workingmen was engaged in tearing down Music Hall, a four story frame structure, the structure collapsed. Twenty-five men went down in the ruins. The dead and injured are: Dead—Halvor Oleson; William Dean, contractor, and Nicholas Roach, bodies still in the ruins.

Injured—John Thorson, crushed by falling timbers, cannot live; James Dean, buried under a mass of timbers, cannot live; Charles Agan, badly crushed; Ole Solberg, seriously crushed; John Larson, Gus Meyers, Ole Johnson, Brady Nedrum, H. B. Walters, Willian Berg, W. E. Evans, William Arnold, Bert Wallum and Ludwig Berg.

Of the injured several may not recover. The workmen were on the upper floor and roof when the walls began to bulge and fell before any one could escape except five who remained on the roof and were uninjured. The fire department at once began the work of rescue, and all the dead and injured were taken from the ruins but Dean and Roach.

At midnight four men who came from Superior and were at work on the building were reported to be missing, and believed to be in the ruins. Their names are not known.

LANCASTER, Pa., Aug. 18.—Charles F. Cannon, Frank Hammond and George Crossman were killed and nine others seriously wounded yesterday by the explosion of twenty-five pounds of dynamite stored in the summer kitchen of the Eagle hotel at Holland, this state. The hotel was wrecked and the man who caused the explosion blown to fragments. No one knows how it happened. Cannon had been sent to get some of the explosive and the disaster occurred while he was getting it.

WINCHESTER, Ky., Aug. 18.—At Allensville, ten miles south of here, a boiler in the harvest field of Dr. Sid Allen exploded, killing four boys, Dallas Haggard, aged 12; Travis Haggard, 14; Willie Berryman, 17, and Alex Turpin, 14. The boys were working near the engine and all were instantly killed, parts of the boiler horribly mangling their bodies.

SALISBURY, N. C., Aug. 18. At Troy yesterday the boiler of Taft's sawmill exploded, killing five men and injuring four. Three of the killed are Charles Morris, Jim Capet and Samuel Ewing—all white. The names of the other two and the four injured could not be learned as the news is very meagre. Three of the injured will die.

CLOSE OF THE WHEEL MEET.

Ends with a Race That Was a "Scrap" from Start to Finish.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 17.—In the final of the mile open at the L. A. W. race meet here Allen was given the pole. In the first lap Kennedy went up. The second time around Bald was at the front. In the third lap Kennedy got to the front again, but Coburn played a good game and staid at Kennedy's rear until he saw Bald and Allen at his side. He had the advantage of the pole and when he jumped he started a sprint that landed him a winner by a length. Allen and Bald were very close for second, the judges finally giving it to Allen, while Gardner was fourth. Time, 2:19 2-5. Gardner won the half-mile national championship by a length; Butler second by 6 inches, Bald third.

The five-mile national championship was a scrap from beginning to end, the riders jockeying and in some cases interfering with each other. Cooper and Callahan finished in the first division, but were disqualified by the judges, who gave the race to Becker, of Minneapolis, with E. S. Acker, of Philadelphia, second. The time was 12:28 2-5. This was the last race of the meet.

The two-mile handicap was won by Sanger and this win was the event of the day, and Sanger's only victory. At the close his friends took him on their shoulders and carried him off the track. The time was not phenemenal.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.

Money on call was firmer at 5 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 6½@7½ per cent.; sterling exchange easier, with actual business in bankers' bills 487@487½ for demand and 485¾@486¼ for sixty days; posted rates, 485@488 and 488@489; commercial bills, 485.

Silver certificates, 67¼@68¼; no sales; bar silver, 67; Mexican dollars, 52.

United States government bonds easy; new 4's registered, 112¾; do. coupons, 113; 5's registered, 106¾; do. coupons, 106¾; 4's registered, 105; do. coupons, 106¼; 2's registered, 92; Pacific 6's of '97, 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Aug. 17.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—August, opened 56c, closed 58¾c; September, opened 64¾c, closed 64¾c; December, opened 68¾c; closed 68½c. Corn—August, nominal, closed 22¾c; September, opened 23½c, closed 23¾c; May, opened 26¾c, closed 26½c. Oats—August, nominal, closed 16½c, September, opened 16½c, closed 16¾c; May, opened 19¼c, closed 19½c. Pork—September, opened $6.15; closed $6.80; October, opened $6.10, closed $6.15. Lard—August nominal, closed $3.60; September, opened $3.32½, closed $3.30.

Produce—Butter: Extra creamery, 15½c per lb.; extra dairy, 13c; fresh packing stock, 7@9½c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 9c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 8@10c per lb.; chickens, hens, 7@7½c; spring chickens, 9c; roosters, 5c; ducks, 8@9½c; geese, $4.00@6.00. Potatoes—Early Ohio, 22@25c per bu. Honey—White clover, 13@14c per lb.; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 5@6c. Apples—Red stock, 75c@$1.25 per bbl.; green stock, 60c@90c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Aug. 17.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 28,000; sales ranged at $2.75@3.50 pigs, $3.15@3.50 light, $2.75@2.95 rough packing, $3.00@3.40 mixed and $3.00@3.30 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; quotations ranged at $4.35@4.65 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.20@4.40 good to choice do., $3.95@4.25 fair to good, $3.40@3.85 common to medium do., $3.30@4.00 butchers' steers, $3.50@3.20 stockers, $3.10@3.70 feeders, $1.40@3.40 cows, $2.40@4.00 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.50@3.25 Texas steers, $2.80@3.80 western rangers and $3.00@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep and lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 14,000; sales ranged at $2.25@3.10 western, $2.00@2.85 Texans, $1.75@3.25 natives, and $3.00@6.00 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 17.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 60½; track, 60¾@61c; No. 2 hard, 59c bid; August, 61c asked; September, 57½c asked; December, 60½c. Corn—Lower; No. 2 cash, 21c; August, 21c; September, 21½c bid; December, 23½c bid. Oats—No. 2 cash 18c bid; August, 15 bid; September, 18c bid; May, 20c bid. Rye—29c track.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Aug. 17.

Wheat—Cash white, 61¼c asked; cash red, 61¼c bid; August, 61½c bid; September, 61½c asked; December, 64½c.

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

TEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 13.—The Populist state convention was called to order here yesterday with W. G. Jones, of Mount Vernon, as permanent chairman, and W. C. Pickings, of LaSalle, secretary. The Taylor delegation from Cook county was seated. The platform adopted indorses the national Populist platform; demands local option in taxation; favors the submission to the people of an amendment to the constitution giving the legislature power to enact laws regulating contracts between corporations and employes; favoring laws preventing competition between free and convict labor; favoring the initiative and referendum, and indorsing Governor Altgeld's administration.

Four Populist electors were nominated including an elector-at-large, the Democrats withdrawing four of their electors, and twenty of the Democratic electors were nominated, completing the fusion.

Chairman, A. L. Maxwell, of Flat Rock, was nominated over J. D. Hess, of Pittsfield, for auditor, W. F. Beck, of Olney, the Democratic nominee, resigning. The remainder of the Democratic state ticket was nominated. A state central committee with plenary powers was named. Governor Altgeld's and Bryan's names evoked the wildest enthusiasm.

Youthful Freight Thieves.

PERU, Ills., Aug. 18.—F. D. Ryan, a Chicago detective for the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad, arrived in this city Tuesday night to investigate a number burglaries that have taken place during the month, by which the company has lost large quantities of merchandise from cars and the freight depot. Five boys, ranging from 8 to 18 years of age, had been arrested by the local police during the day, charged with robbing a steamboat freight depot. The detective gained the confidence of the boys and they confessed to the car robberies. Their homes were searched and a large part of the stolen goods was recovered.

Fire Costs Rockford $100,000.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Aug. 17.—Fire gutted the Woodruff block on Seventh street early yesterday, causing a loss of over $100,000. L. Goldman, who conducted a department store, was the principal loser—$55,000; insurance, $33,000; loss on building, $40,000, partly insured. Half a dozen other smaller firms were also losers, and many poor families living in the second story lost everything they had, escaping with their lives in their night clothes.

Lightning Strikes a Workman.

OLNEY, Ills., Aug. 17.—During a thunder storm lightning struck the spire of the Christian church, which is in process of erection. Working on the inside were Sebastian Gast and Moses Hensley. The electrical bolt struck Gast on the left side and ran down his leg, kocking him senseless. Fortunately Hensley caught him, or he would have fallen the distance of fifty feet. His death is momentarily expected.

Failure of a Peru, Ills., Bank.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 15.—The auditor of public accounts has been notified that the Peru State bank, of Peru, Ills., had suspended operations and requested that he assume charge of the institution at once. The last report of the bank, made to the auditor June 8, 1896, showed the bank to be in a healthy condition. Everett E. Gore, chief of the state banking department, left for Peru last night and will take charge of the bank.

Progress of Fusion in Illinois.

CHICAGO, Aug 18.—After spending an entire day in secret session the executive committee of the silver Democrats and leaders of the Populists failed to agree upon the details of the fusion plan decided upon at the state convention, and the matter has been referred to the entire state central committee. The vexed question was to determine what Democratic electors should retire to make room for Populists.

Fire in the University of Illinois.

CHAMPAIGN, Aug. 17.—The chemical laboratory building at the University of Illinois was almost destroyed by fire yesterday, the result of a stroke of lightning. The four walls remain standing, and the basement and rear part of the first and second floors are intact, but their contents are damaged badly. The damage to the building is $30,000 and to the contents about $30,000.

Injured in a Runaway.

STERLING, Ills., Aug. 13.—C. John, editor and one of the proprietors of The Evening Gazette, was severely injured by a runaway horse Tuesday. In attempting to jump from the buggy he fell upon his head and shoulder, receiving a contusion of the head, dislocating his shoulder and breaking his arm.

Fast Horses at Illinois State Fair.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 17.—The state board of agriculture has contracted with the owners of Robert J., record 2:03, and Frank Agan, record 2:04, to race for special purses against their records and the world's record during the Illinois state fair.

Populist Nomination for Congress.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Aug. 17.—At the Populist convention here W. M. Saylor, of Carroll county, was nominated for congress.

State Notes.

Pana, Ills., has had three incendiary fires in the last five days.

Miss Josephine Stromblade, a pretty student from Augustana college, Rockford, went to Chicago last June to spend her vacation. She has disappeared and the police are looking for her.

William Rufus Wilford, aged 20 years, is dead from the effects of a blow received from a lever while moving a house at Pocahontas, Ills.

Natalie, the 9-year-old daughter of N. E. Roberts, editor of the Fairfield (Ills.) Republican, died of lockjaw, the result of sticking a rusty nail in her foot a week ago.

M. C. Parsons of Berlin, Ills., while out with a camping party, attempted to swim across Prairie slough, near Oakford and was drowned.

Amos Mitlock of Centralia, Ills., opened a twenty-five-pound keg of blasting powder with a pick. What few pieces of him were picked up were shipped to Duquoin for interment.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Aug. 12.

At the Novelty theater, London, in a stabbing scene, the spring dagger, made for stage uses, failed to act and an actor was stabbed to the heart, so that he died in a few minutes.

Edward Miller is said to have stolen the time locks from the vault of the old post-office building at Chicago. Isaac Jebzinger, a junk dealer, is said to have bought them. Both men are now doing time.

F. R. Schultz, of 169 Ewen street, Brooklyn, was strangled to death in the surf at Rockaway beach by swallowing his false teeth.

John Riha keeps a boarding house at Chicago. He did not like some of his boarders and raised his rates to get rid of them. This caused a riot, during which Mrs. Hanus, a boarder, received a fractured skull and several knife cuts. Riha and half a dozen others were arrested.

Jacob Kreamer and his wife Cora brought suit against the town of East Chicago, Ind., for injuries due to a defective sidewalk. They ask $5,000 and $10,000 respectively.

Thursday, Aug. 13.

Mrs. Helen Cody Wetmore, sister of "Buffalo Bill," is editor and publisher of the Weekly Duluth Press.

Mollan Reza, who assassinated the Shah of Persia in May last, was hanged at Teheran in the presence of an immense concourse of people.

William M. Singerly has withdrawn from the Pennsylvania Democratic electoral ticket.

The London Daily News says that a commission which has sat in England for seven years will report against compulsory vaccination in England.

Professor Otto Lilienthal, the Berlin inventor, fell from his flying machine and sustained injuries from which he died.

McKinley may take the stump soon after the heated term and put more life in the old tariff issue, upon which it is hoped several of the doubtful western states may be won.

While temporarily insane from the excessive heat, W. D. Lally, a Cleveland railroad contractor, jumped from a fourth-story window at the Hotel Boyer and was fatally hurt.

Friday, Aug. 14.

Josiah E. Kelley, assistant cashier of the First National Bak of South Bend, Ind., killed himself and left a letter confessing that he had robbed the institution of $24,000.

Alf T. Hayden, convicted in the criminal court of soliciting a bribe, has been expelled from the Memphis city council.

E. D. Sniffen, secretary of the American Protective Wheelmen's association, charged with embezzling $100,000, was arrested at Chicago.

Justice Porter, of Chicago, fined fourteen milkmen $25 each for violations of the milk ordinance.

Official returns show that French imports during the last seven months increased 215,000,000 francs over those of the same period of 1895.

The 2-year-old son of John Zinn, a farmer living near Kinmundy, Ills., was killed by a bear.

The sultan of Turkey has conferred upon Miss Clara Barton, president of the American section of the Red Cross society, the emblem of the second class of the Order of Chefakat.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

A receiver has been appointed for S. F. Myers & Co., manufacturing jewelers, of New York. The liabilities are $517,000 and nominal assets $819,000.

According to data collected by Secretary Parsons, of the Colorado Mining exchange, the gold production of Cripple Creek in the first six months of this year was $7,256,000. He estimates that the total production of 1896 will be $15,000,000.

An inventory of the estate of Lyman Trumbull was filed in the probate court at Chicago. It shows the estate is worth $173,000.

A plot of San Francisco Chinamen to kill Li Hung Chang has been discovered, and the viceroy will not visit the California metropolis.

Willie Woolf is 13 years old and lives at Chicago. With some companions he started a prairie fire. To hurry the flames he threw gasoline on them. He may recover.

Monday, Aug. 17.

In a wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio, fifteen miles west of Parkersville, W. Va., Engineers Rumpf and Johnson and Fireman Huffman were killed. Fireman Thompson, Brakeman Overly and Postal Orgon were injured.

Two tanks of oil were destroyed by fire at Lima, O. Lightning started the blaze. Loss, $100,000.

Some Kansas towns reported a temperature of 104 Saturday.

S. A. Jacobs & Co., manufacturers of boots and shoes at Cleveland, have made an assignment to M. P. Mooney. Assets, $25,000; liabilities, $40,000.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher was made seriously ill by the hot weather, but she is recovering.

Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman, son of the late General Sherman, has just made his final vows of purity, chastity and obedience and forever joined the Jesuit order, which he entered in Maryland in 1878.

The City National bank, of San Angelo, TEX., has failed for $71,000.

Tuesday, Aug. 18.

The project of the Indiana and National Association of Spiritualists to erect a denominational college is meeting with great encouragement all along the line and there is little doubt that the college will be erected.

Pure

Blood means sound health. With pure blood your stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous; no dyspepsia. Rheumatism and neuralgia will be unknown. Scrofula and salt rheum will disappear. Your nerves will be strong, your sleep sound, sweet and refreshing. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. That is why it cures so many complaints. That is why thousands take it to cure disease, retain health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. Small size, 2s. 9d.; large, 4s. 6d. Sold by all chemists, or by post of C. I. Hood & Co., 34, Snow Hill, London, E. C.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 1s. 1½d.

HEBE'S GRATITUDE.

HOW SHE REMEMBERED THE MAN WHO CURED HER FOOT.

The Story Told by a Veterinary Surgeon Who Early In His Career Had One of Barnum's Elephants For a Patient—A Trying Ordeal.

I was a fluff fledged M. D. once and never should have thought of adopting my present profession if it hadn't been for a queer accident which occurred when I first hung out my shingle.

I had a rich neighbor, a man I was bound to propitiate, and the very first call I had, after days of waiting for patients who didn't come, was to his barn to see what was the matter with his sick mare. I cured the mare and took in my shingle, for from that day to this I've never prescribed for a human being. I had won a reputation as a veterinary surgeon and had to stick to it. But that's neither here nor there, only if you think animals can't show gratitude and affection perhaps you'll change your mind.

When I had been in practice a year or two, I sent for my brother Dick. He was a wonderful chap with all kinds of animals, and I thought perhaps I could work out of my part of it and leave that for him. I never did, for Dick's a cotton broker in New York now, and I should have to begin all over again to make a first rate physician. But that's what I meant to be then.

The next day after Dick came I got a telegram from P. T. Barnum. I'd been down there once or twice to his own stable, and he had a good deal of faith in me. The dispatch was:

"Hebe has hurt her foot. Come at once."

Hebe was a favorite elephant—a splendid creature, and worth a small fortune.

Well, I confess I hesitated. I distrusted my own ability and dreaded the result. But Dick was determined to go, and go we did. When we got out of the cars, Barnum himself was there with a splendid pair of matched grays. He eyed me very dubiously.

"I'd forgotten you were such a little fellow," he said in a discouraged tone. "I'm afraid you can't help her."

His distrust put me on my mettle.

"Mr. Barnum," said I, getting into the carriage, "if it comes to a hand to hand fight between Hebe and me I don't believe an extra foot or two of height would help me any."

He laughed outright, and began telling how the elephant was hurt. She had stepped on a small bit of iron and it had penetrated the tender part of the foot. She was in intense agony and almost wild with pain.

Long before we reached the inclosure in which she was we could hear her piteous trumpeting, and when we entered we found her on three legs, swinging the hurt foot slowly backward and forward and uttering long cries of anguish. Such dumb misery in her looks—poor thing!

Even Dick quailed now.

"You can never get near her," he whispered. "She'll kill you, sure."

Her keeper divined what he said.

"Don't you be afraid, sir," he called out to me. "Hebe's got sense."

I took my instruments from Mr. Barnum.

"I like your pluck, my boy," he said heartily, but I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast.

The men employed about the show came around us curiously, but at a respectful and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot.

While I was doing so as gently as I could I felt, to my horror, a light touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's, but as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me it had an awful suggestiveness.

"She's only curling your hair," sang out the keeper. "Don't mind her."

"I shall have to cut, and cut deep," said I by way of reply.

He said a few words in some lingo, which were evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then he shouted with the utmost coolness:

"Cut away!"

The man's faith inspired me. There he stood, quite unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quietly jabbered away to her as if this were an everyday occurrence.

Well, I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp on my hair tighten perceptibly, yet not ungently. Cold drops of perspiration came out all over me.

"Shall I cut again?" I managed to call out.

"Cut away," came again the encouraging response.

This stroke did the work. The abscess was lanced. We sprayed out the foot, packed it with oakum and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate, for the grasp on my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long, almost human, sigh, and—well, I don't know what happened next, for I fainted dead away. Dick must have finished the business and picked up me and my tools. I was as limp as a rag.

It must have been a year and a half after this happened that I was called to western Massachusetts to see some fancy horses. Barnum's circus happened to be there. You may be sure that I called to inquire for my distinguished patient.

"Hebe's well and hearty, sir," the keeper answered me. "Come in and see her. She'll be glad to see you."

"Nonsense," said I, though I confess I had a keen curiosity to see if she would know me as I stepped into the tent.

There she stood, the beauty, as well as ever. For a moment she looked at me indifferently, then steadily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk and laid it caressingly first on my shoulder and then on my hair—how vividly her touch brought back to my mind the cold shivers I endured at my introduction to her!—and then she slowly lifted up her foot, now whole and healthy, and showed it to me. That's the sober truth.—Chicago News.

EYESIGHT OF BIRDS.

Wonderful Powers of Vision of the Crow, the Buzzard and the Vulture.

When an animal is killed and skinned, says Sir Samuel Baker, before the operation is completed the first bird to appear is the wily and omnipresent crow. The next is the ordinary buzzard. Both these birds are near the surface of the earth, seeking their food with untiring energy. But although they may have keen power of scent, even they, in my opinion, are mainly guided by their acuteness of vision, as they are always on the alert, hunting in every direction, and, in fact, keeping a sharp lookout. The third arrival is the small, red necked vulture. This bird descends from a great height. It is now most interesting to watch the concentration from all quarters of the compass. This is easily arranged by lying beneath a bush and shading the eyes while you gaze into the deep blue sky. It will appear to be all alive with the smallest flies, all moving, all hurrying and descending. These become rapidly larger, and you are aware they are vultures, collecting from such enormous altitudes that were a mountain top exposed it would be capped with everlasting snow. While you are straining your eyes to peer into these blue vaults you are startled by a tremendous rush like the roar of a rocket. This is the descent, with closed wings, of some of the large, bare necked vultures, who have plunged like a plummet for some thousand feet to share in the feast below. All those birds flying at high altitudes have been soaring upon endless wings, never fatigued by motion, as they seldom flap, but only to adjust themselves to the currents of air upon which they float, and having, with their extraordinary powers of sight, observed the hurry of smaller birds to some attractive point, they have at once directed their course to fulfill the Biblical expression, "Where the carcass is, there shall the eagles (vultures) be gathered together."

DON QUIXOTE'S BIRTHPLACE

The Village of Argamasilla, a Picturesque and Primitive Spot.

Before us the village of Argamasilla, "birthplace of Don Quixote" the guidebook says unblushingly, revealed more and more distinctly, its white houses nestled under the trees. The purple Sierras, dreamy sentinels of the plains, stood on the extreme border of the horizon. Above it all wonderfully shaped clouds made against the azure background an exquisite mosaic of translucent tones.

We entered the pueblo with crackling whip. Not a soul was to be seen until the solitary slouchy figure of the innkeeper emerged from under the mat covering the door of the posada—"Al Parador del Carmen, Casa Gregorio." Gregorio, hardly able to repress his astonishment at the unusual sight of a guest, looked at the horses and said nothing. But the driver kindly ventured an introduction. "He is for you, Gregorio." "Yes," I added, "and for some time, I hope, Don Gregorio, if I may have a bed in your house." A "don" well placed never fails to please a Spaniard, even if he be that most independent and despotic of beings, an innkeeper of low order. "Of course, senor, and why not?" and upon these slight preliminaries I followed Gregorio under the straw curtain.

My first look at the Parador del Carmen did my Quixote self good, for it was the most picturesque place imaginable. Here at last I had plunged from civilization and nineteenth century to the condition of ancient days and apparently reached bottom. "Apparently" is said advisedly, for later on I was to see infinitely more primitive scenes. However, this first sensation at passing from the glare to that smelly purplish interior, comfortless, but plentiful of dirt, was intense.—August F. Jaccaci in Scribner's.

What Makes a Cat Tread Softly?

"Grandpa, what makes a cat tread softly?" asked little Findout of his aged relative as the pair sat down to improve their minds when the evening lamps were lighted.

"It is a faculty provided by nature, my son, which enables the cat to walk softly," replied the old man as he laid down his paper and beamed on the youthful seeker after knowledge. "All members of the cat tribe are endowed with a noiseless tread, which greatly facilitates their capturing their prey. You have doubtless noticed that the pedal extremities of the feline are furnished with soft, velvety balls or coverings, instead of hoofs. These balls extend below the claws, which are drawn up when not in use, enabling the cat to walk across a board floor without the slightest noise."

"Oh, that isn't what makes a cat tread softly," said Tommy when the old man had finished.

"No? What is it, then?" asked grandpapa.

"Mice," replied the boy, while a happy smile lit up his ingenuous face. —Pearson's Weekly.

She Wanted to Know.

In the little town where she had lived before papa's newly acquired wealth the terms "fry" and "broil" were household words, but "grill" was unknown. She was as pretty as a picture, faultlessly costumed, and as the young man described the new clubhouse her bright face, with its accompaniment of interest, was a joy to contemplate.

"The reception, card and ball rooms are on the first floor and the cloak and grill rooms below."

"How fine it must be," she said. "And how do you play grill?"—New York Journal.

Sorrow's Recompense.

"Yes," sighed Mary, queen of Scots, "my life has been a very unhappy one. And yet," she added, with a gleam of gratitude in her eye, "I have always had something to be thankful for. No one has ever called me Mamie."—Chicago Tribune.

A VIGIL.

Is this the dawn that slowly leaves
The shadowy bed so still and white,
And with its cool, soft touch unweaves
The fevered fancies of the night?

Is this the dawn? Oh, love, you lie
So calm beside the taper's beam,
As though it were not you and I
Who laughed together in my dream.

While o'er the flowery way abreast
We stepped along the springy lea,
Till outward to the closing west
Gold pathways led across the sea.

And all the purpling deeps of space,
And all eve's tender, softening shine
Were deeper, holier round your face—
Your face, my love, so close to mine.

And lo, your eyes looked o'er the bay
And shone so—two conflicting gleams,
Loves' dawn, and the last glance of day
Met in a halo. Love, it seems

Only a dream; your floating hair
Beam billowed, and a dream your face,
Now morning takes us unaware
And draws aside the shielding lace.

Of night, and breathing early flowers,
Looks boldly on the placid lid,
And brightens all the unheeding showers
Of gold, wherein last night lay hid

Your hand upon my shoulder. Dear,
In thy long dream sometimes ere night,
Bend o'er me when the sky is clear
And look against the western light.

—William Woodward in Chambers' Journal.

GAMES YOUNG INDIANS PLAY.

Chugga and Tabahortty Are Among Their Favorite Pastimes.

The first game an Indian boy learns is chugga. Any number of boys line up and crouch down with their knees bent. The boy on the end shouts "Chugga!" and all start off together. The one who goes fastest and farthest wins the game. The squatting position of the body must be maintained throughout. Walking chugga is very difficult, as it is a great strain on the muscles of the back and legs. Hopping chugga is still more difficult. The stooping position is the same, but only one foot can be used. Even an expert can rarely hop chugga for 100 feet without stopping or stumbling.

After chugga the Indian boy learns pawwit. This game requires all the speed and accuracy at his command. The posts, with a crossbar between, like a football goal, are erected in the open prairie. The boys cut lances of hickory poles about six feet long and scrape them smooth. Great care is taken to have these poles well balanced and straight. About 30 feet in front of the goal a line is drawn. The same distance on the other side a circle is marked on the ground. The boys take turn in advancing to the scratch line and throwing their lances. The pole must pass over the goal posts, while the boy runs forward and catches it within the circle before it alights. If he fails to catch it or if it alights outside the circle, he loses a throw. Each successful catch counts one point. An expert pawwit player will throw a five foot pole 80 feet into a ring five feet in diameter and catch it four times out of five.

The most popular game in which both boys and girls play is called tabahortty. It is a good deal like the game called Farmer Brown, which white girls and boys play together. An Indian boy stands with folded arms as a great chief or warrior. The other players move around him in a circle, chanting and turning around. A girl, then selected, moves into the circle and kneels at his feet.

Then the players change their direction, while another is selected as a papoose. This player is usually a small boy, who lies flat on his back at the girl's side. Then a boy is called in as a dog. He enters, barking and snapping. A girl follows as a cat, mewing. A coyote, a white wolf, a bear, an owl, a pony, a medicine man and many other characters are called into the ring until the singers are exhausted. At each call the direction of the circlers is changed.

Then at a word from the boy chief the players form a circle again, each impersonating the character he or she was called into the ring to assume. The singing, which has hitherto been low and even, becomes high and irregular. It continues until the boy impersonating the chief steps into the ring again and dismisses the players one by one. When none is left the boy cries "Tabahortty!" which ends the game.—New York Recorder.

Cuban Sugar and Tobacco.

The economic collapse of Cuba is revealed by a few salient figures. Sugar is the chief article of export, and 60 per cent of the population live on its production. In 1894 (before the rebellion) the total output of sugar was 1,050,000 tons. This season, up to April 30, only 110,000 tons have been manufactured, and "the total output for the year is estimated at less than 200,000 tons," with good luck. Tobacco, the second great staple of Cuban trade, is in a worse plight than sugar. The normal production is 450,000 bales. "This year will see only 50,000 bales in the market." In a few weeks the cigar factories in Havana will close their doors, which will throw 50,000 men and women out of work. The value of the exports from Cuba is calculated to have fallen in one year from £12,000,000 to £3,000,000. No wonder merchants are of opinion that Cuba has received her deathblow. —National Review.

Guilty as Charged.

Judge—You are charged with cutting Jasper Johnson with a razor after he had worsted you in a friendly sparring match.

Prisoner—Yas, sah, I slashed 'im. Dat coon 'veigled me into boxin an neber tole me he was lef' han'ed. '—Detroit Free Press.

What a man does with his wealth depends upon his idea of happiness. Those who draw prizes in life are apt to spend tastelessly, if not viciously, not knowing that it requires as much talent spend as to make.—E. P. Whipple.

The "era of Bithynia," extensively employed not only by the Bithynians but by the people of the neighboring states, dated from their revolt from Macedonian rule, B. C. 283

EUGENE FIELD'S HOME.

His Many Queer Clocks and His Library of Rare Books.

One should not always judge a man by his house, but in the case of Eugene Field it seemed as if his house were a part of him. It is an old fashioned two story farmhouse with a wide porch, to which has been added a large circular wing with an outside chimney such as the southerners love. As you enter the hall you notice an elaborately ornamented old English tall clock of the kind usually known in this country as "grandfather's clock." It is one of three such clocks in the house; a second stands on a stair landing, after the manner of Longfellow's "Old Clock On the Stair," and a third was in Eugene Field's sleeping room. The last one has a gong in it like a country dinner bell and clangs the hour with a loud metallic ring.

In the same room he had a "freak clock" made entirely of wood, that ticks like a hammer striking hard wood. In the library there is a quaint little one made with a seesaw—a wee boy and girl sitting upon a log to regulate the pendulum. This is a very well behaved little piece of mechanism, as it makes no noise and is really pretty. Contrasted with it, standing near Field's writing table, is a plain New England kitchen clock such as our grandmothers used in their light, airy kitchens. It is a medium sized affair of mahogany with a glass door, on the lower half of which are painted impossible red roses and forgetmenots. It is a good old domestic clock, and went on faithfully ticking away when the others were cranky and would not keep the time regularly.

As you enter the house the library is on the left hand. All around the walls of the room are bookcases. Suppose we look at the case beyond the window, which might be called the fairy corner. Here are gathered books of fairy lore from all parts of the world, for there was hardly an old bookstore in London, Paris or Berlin which Mr. Field did not know well. In this wonderful fairy corner are Cossack fairy tales, eastern fairy tales, legends of the French provinces, legends of Ireland, Norway, Germany, Spain, New England and all the modern English fairy stories.—Mary J. Reid and Henrietta Dexter Field in St. Nicholas.

THE INCANDESCENT LIGHT.

Some of the Curious and Commonplace Uses to Which It Is Put.

Incandescent electric lights are used to illuminate the eyes of mounted animals—bears, tigers and lions—shown by furriers. Here obviously a light with a flame would not do, while the incandescent light answers the purpose well and conveniently. The wire is run from the head down through the animal's body and out through one of its feet to a connection with the service wire of the store.

Incandescent lights are used in refrigerators, such as the iceboxes of the wholesale dealer in cut flowers and the butcher. Their use in sidewalk show cases is familiar; in dressing show windows the flexible connection admits of placing the light where it is wanted with each new trimming of the window.

They are used in electric signs, some of which are permanent, while others are formed of letters that are movable, like types, so that the sign can be readily changed as often as may be desired. Electric numbers are made in the same way.

One may see a painter at work at night in a store, paint brush in one hand and electric light—with the wire trailing away back of him—in the other, to enable him to see the better in some nook or cranny that he is painting.

The incandescent lamp is used to light sidewalk awnings. The lamps are strung along a wire hung under the ridge pole inside the awning. The wire and lamps are simply taken in when the awning is. Movable billboards are illuminated in the same manner.—New York Sun.

Queer Salt.

In Lapland they have no salt, and the bark of the fir tree is used as a substitute. The Lapps peel the bark from the trunk of the tree, carefully remove the epidermis, and then divide the inner bark into quite a number of very thin layers.

During the brief but extremely hot Lapland summer the layers are exposed to the sun until thoroughly dried; then they are torn into narrow strips and placed in boxes made of fresh bark taken from other trees. Deep holes are then dug in the sand, and the bark boxes are buried in them, where they are allowed to remain for about three days.

The second day fires are made over places where the boxes are buried and kept burning briskly for several hours. The heat penetrates deep into the sand, turns the fir bark a deep red color and gives to it a pleasing taste and odor. Finally the boxes are unearthed, the fir strips are pounded or ground into a course powder, and the Lapps use it just as we do salt, only much more sparingly, because it is so troublesome to prepare.—Philadelphia Times.

A Plea For the Old Box Hedge.

And may I not enter here a plea for the preservation of the box edgings of our old garden borders? I know they are almost obsolete—have been winter killed and sunburnt—and are even in many disrepute as harborers of unpleasant and unwelcome garden visitors. But its beauty in winter alone the box should still find a place in our gardens. It grows to great size.—Alice Morse Earle in Scribner's.

The human soul is like a bird that is born in a cage. Nothing can deprive it of its natural longings or obliterate the mysterious remembrance of its heritage. —Lucy Sargent.

Moses Brown of Boston has the credit of making the first deposit of gold bullion to be coined. In 1795 he deposited $[illegible]6.72.

BABBAGE MACHINE.

A MECHANICAL CALCULATOR THAT COST ENGLAND £17,000.

An Invention That Attracted Wide Attention For Many Years, but Which Was Finally Abandoned as Being of No Practical Use.

Babbage's calculating machine would require a whole volume to do its marvelous history anything like justice. In the year 1819 Babbage really commenced operations by taking a number of wheels to a wheel cutter at Lambeth to have the teeth cut in them. Toward the end of July, 1823, the inventor commenced upon the difference engine, and he worked on it for four years regularly, with the result that, in October, 1827, he had spent £3,475. The very first difference engine made, however, was put together between the year 1820 and June, 1822. It consisted of from six to eight figures. A larger and more perfect machine was afterward commenced in 1823 for the government. The latter was to have six orders of differences, each consisting of about 20 places of figures. It was also intended to print the tables it computed. In 1827 Babbage's wife died, and he was advised to travel on the continent, being in a low state of health. He left the drawings, however, in order that the work might be carried on in his absence, and he also gave his banker instructions to advance £1,000 while he was away. In the beginning of 1829 the government directed the Royal society to inquire into the machine, and the administration also directed that a fireproof building should be constructed in East street, Manchester square, close to Babbage's house, 1 Dorset street, in which it was intended to place the machines when finished. One day early in 1832, finding he could no longer make payments in advance, Babbage informed the engineer in charge of the works that in future he would not pay him until money was received from the treasury. Thereupon the mechanician struck work and dismissed his men. One of these, in receipt of 2 guineas a week, was afterward the famous engineer, Sir J. Whitworth.

Babbage's troubles had just commenced. His best draftsman came to him one day and said he had just received a tempting offer from the French government, whereupon his tortured employer had to give him a substantial increase of salary in order to retain his services. After the strike of the inventor's men years of delay and anxiety followed, Babbage applying repeatedly to the government for its decision upon the subject, but in vain. Notwithstanding that the difference engine was suspended, this indomitable man still continued his inquiries, and, having discovered principles of far wider extent, he ultimately embodied them in the analytical engine. Both machines can be seen on application at the South Kensington museum. For upward of 20 years Babbage maintained, in his own house and virtually at his own expense, an elaborate establishment for carrying out his views. He died at his London house on Oct. 18, 1871, and Sir Robert Peel admitted to the house of commons, in March, 1843, that, although £17,000 had been spent by the government on the machine, Babbage himself had never received a shilling.

And yet the invention was not wholly valueless. An eminent and wealthy manufacturer of Manchester came to London and saw this machine, and, on inspecting closely, he found mechanical contrivances which he subsequently introduced with the greatest advantage to his own spinning machinery. Of course, even after the machine had been definitely cast adrift by the government, a vast amount of interest was taken in it by the public. Many members of both houses of parliament were very fond of putting puerile questions to the inventor. "Pray, Mr. Babbage," cried one of the ancient dandies, "if you put the wrong figures into the machine would the right answers come out?"

The fame of Babbage's calculating machine spread to the ends of the earth. Count Strzelecki once told Babbage that the Chinese inquired after it. The guileless Celestials were anxious to know whether the machine could be carried in the pocket. The inventor assured them, however, through his excellency, that "it was essentially an out of pocket machine."

The difference engine was not exhibited in 1851. Its loan was refused to New York and also to the Dublin exhibition of 1847. It was, however, exhibited in the exhibition of 1862, but space for its drawings was refused, and that the authorities had a low opinion of the thing will be evident from the fact that payment of 6 shillings a day for a competent person (formerly Babbage's secretary) to explain the mechanism was refused by the commissioners. General Babbage, the inventor's son, assured me that Wellington, when premier, went to Lambeth to personally inspect the machine, and, having seen it at work—for it is quite perfect in its way—he directed the chancellor of the exchequer to arrange further grants, his idea being that the calculating part should be finished first, in order that there might be something of real value to show to parliament in return for the money of the nation. General Babbage further assures me that when the machine was abandoned it could, in his opinion, have been entirely completed for £500.—Strand Magazine.

Needs Another.

Doctor—No appetite? Then buy a wheel, and you will soon have one.

Patient (a year later)—I've lost my appetite again, doctor.

Doctor—Why, where's your wheel?

Patient—It gave me such an appetite I had to sell it to buy food.—Detroit Free Press.

It is stated by an authority on education that nine tenths of the world's teachers are women.

TO CURE HEADACHES.

Simple Remedies That Will Bring Speedy Relief to Sufferers.

"A hot bath, a stroll in the fresh air shampooing the head in weak soda water or a timely nap in a cool, quiet room will sometimes stop a nervous headache," writes Dr. B. F. Herrick in Ladies' Home Journal. "When overfatigued from shopping or sightseeing, a sponge dipped in very hot water and pressed repeatedly over the back of the neck between the ears will be found exceedingly refreshing, especially if the face and temples are afterward subjected to the same treatment. Neuraliga is caused not only by cold air, but by acidity of the stomach, starved nerves, imperfect teeth or by indolence combined with a too generous diet. Heat is the best and quickest cure for this distressing pain. A hot flatiron, passed rapidly and deftly over several folds of flannel laid on the affected spot, will often give relief in less than ten minutes without the aid of medicine. Hot fomentations are of equal value, though when the skin is very tender it is more advisable to use dry heat, nothing being better for the purpose than bags of heated salt, flour or sand, which retain warmth for a long time. Cold water, applied by the finger tips to the nerves in front of the ear, has been known to dispel neuralgic pains like magic. When caused by acidity, a dose of charcoal or soda will usually act as a corrective. Sick headache is accompanied by bilious symptoms, and attacks usually come on when the person is overtired or below par physically. This is a disease of the first half of life and often stops of its own accord after middle age. A careful diet is imperative in every case, sweetmeats and pastry being especially pernicious.

"Eating heartily when very tired, late dinners, eating irregularly, insufficient mastication or too much animal food, especially in the spring or during the hot weather, is a frequent cause of indigestion, causing headaches by reflex action."

A FORGOTTEN CHAPEL.

It Was Walled Up In the Vatican Despite Its Beautiful Decorations.

The oldest decorated walls in the palace are those by Fra Angelico in the chapel of Nicholas. For some reason or other this chapel at one time ceased to be used, the door was walled up, and the very existence of the place was forgotten. In the last century Bottari, having read about it in Vasari, set to work to find it, and at last got into it through the window which looks upon the roof of the Sistine chapel. The story, which is undoubtedly true, gives an idea of the vastness of the palace, and certainly suggests the possibility of more forgotten treasures of art shut up in forgotten rooms.

One other such at least there is. High up in the Borgia tower, above the stanze of Raphael, is a suit of rooms once inhabited by Cardinal Bibbiena, of the Chigi family, and used since then by more than one assistant secretary of state. There is a small chapel there, with a window looking upon an inner court, which was once the luxurious cardinal's bathroom, and was beautifully painted by Raphael in fresco, with mythological subjects. In 1835, according to Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Passavant saw it as it had originally been, with the frescos, though much damaged, still beautiful, and the marble bath still in its place in a niche painted with river gods. In one of the vatican's periodical fits of prudery the frescoes were completely hidden with a wooden wainscot, the bathtub was taken away and the room was turned into a chapel. It is believed, however, that the paintings still exist behind their present covering.—F. Marion Crawford in Century.

Flowers That Cheered Not.

His "man" is not a well trained example of British imperturbability, but a boy from the southern plantation where he himself was born and bred. Consequently there are frequent interchanges of confidence between master and servant, and the former has the advantage of the latter's unbiased judgment and undirected action on many subjects. The other day the employee was ordered to purchase and carry flowers to a certain lady who was ill. In the course of a few days came her thanks for "the bunch of immortelles so thoughtfully if not cheeringly sent," whereupon the nominal sender of the funereal offering summoned his agent, and, with choice invective, demanded to know why immortelles had been taken to a sick woman.

"Well, Marse Sewell," explained the purchaser of the posy, "you say git anything thet's purty. Dese year wah purty, en de man say dey last fur evah, en I cale'lated dat deys cheap enuff so's I can pay de laundry wif de change. I'm shuh I thought I wuz actin fuh de bes'." And the employer reflected on the disadvantages of having a servant with views of his own.—New York Journal.

The Chance of a Lifetime.

"It is said," he remarked reflectively, "that women's hands are growing larger."

"Yes?" she returned inquiringly.

"Yes," he asserted, "and the worst of it is that there is every likelihood that this tendency will continue."

"Yes?" she said in the same inquiring tone.

"Yes," he repeated. "You see, the bicycle and golf and tennis and other sports that women have recently taken up are responsible for it."

"In that case," she said, with a glance at her own dainty hands, "you'd better speak quick if you want a small one."

He realized that it was the opportunity of a lifetime, and he spoke promptly.—Chicago Post.

A Difference of Opinion.

Nell—What a breezy young man Mr. Closefist is!

Belle—Breezy? I haven't seen him blowing in anything.—Philadelphia [illegible]

THE CITIZEN.

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CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 22, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Bells of Corneville."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Midnight Bell."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel.
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

FOUR IRISH PRISONERS RELEASED.

At length the efforts made in behalf of the Irish political prisoners in America, Australia, France, South Africa, Great Britain and Ireland have borne fruit—some, if not all of them, have been released. To honor her to whom honor is due, it is but just to accord to Miss Maud Gonne, called "the Joan of Arc of Irish politics," the first place among those who have labored long and earnestly for this much desired consummation. The Irish Amnesty association, the Irish National Alliance, the Irish citizens of the Transvaal, the citizens of New York, Chicago, Minneapolis and other American cities, deserve the thanks of humanity for their successful efforts in this direction. Irishmen will always gratefully remember the noble words of Senator Shelby M. Cullom, Gov. John P. Altgeld and the Rev. Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, pronounced in this city, on the 28th of last month, in behalf of those unfortunate and long-suffering patriots.

There is no doubt that Dr. Jameson's raid into the Transvaal, and the magnanimous treatment of the English prisoners taken in that attempt, by President Krueger, of the South African republic, had something to do with the sudden release of the Irish prisoners by the Tory government of England. Bad and ferocious as the Tories are, they are free from the vile hypocrisy and unspeakable meanness of the Whigs. Gladstone, for many years, had it within his power to release the imprisoned patriots, but he made no sign. Neither did his inconsequential successor, Rosebery. But Ireland owes no thanks to Whig or Tory for the release of her captive sons. Their liberation was brought about by the brave efforts of the friends of liberty in many lands, and the exposure of the British government's flexible "morality" where the political or territorial interests of England are concerned.

The London and New York dispatches, dated Aug. 13, give the following account of the release:

"In the house of commons today the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Sir Matthew White Ridley, announced that upon the medical report it had been decided to release on license Daly, Delaney, Gallagher and Whitehead, the four Irishmen imprisoned for conspiracy against the government in connection with the dynamite explosion of some years back.

"The news of the release of Dr. Gallagher and other Irish political prisoners was received with delight by Irishmen in New York, though they declare it was done to prevent the men dying in prison.

"William Lyman, President of the Irish National Alliance, was especially bitter in his remarks, and said if the released men come to America they will be received with open arms by the Nationalists. James F. Egan, who was convicted with Daly and released, is here and says the Amnesty association will continue to work for the other prisoners' release.

"All of the released men were arrested during the dynamite scares of 1883 and 1884.

"Dr. Thomas Gallagher and Albert George Whitehead, both American citizens, were arrested in London in company with John Curtin Kent and Henry Hammond Wilson early in 1883, and on June 14 of that year they were found guilty of treason-felony, and sentenced to life imprisonment.

"Kent was released from prison one year ago and is now in the United States.

"Dr. Gallagher was a resident of Green Point, L. I., where he is said to have enjoyed a large practice. In order to make their punishment greater a special act was passed under which the men could be tried for treason-felony. They were charged with the manufacturing of dynamite bombs or having bombs in their possession.

"John Daly was arrested on April 18, 1884, at Birkenhead with two bombs in his possession. On the same day James F. Egan, with whom Daly lived in Birmingham, and who is now in the United States as a delegate from the Amnesty association, was arrested.

"The men were found guilty of treason-felony at the Warwick assizes in July, 1884. Daly was sentenced to penal servitude for life, and Egan to twenty years' imprisonment. Egan was released on Jan. 19, 1893. At the last general election Daly was elected without opposition to represent the city of Limerick in parliament, although he was then wearing the convict's clothes.

"Immediately afterward he was selected by the Limerick board of aldermen for the office of high sheriff.

"Thomas Delaney was arrested with nine others in Glasgow in 1883 on similar charges, and was sentenced to penal servitude for life."

We know New York will receive the released men on their arrival in that city "with open arms," and we believe that President Lyman, and his associates, will do all that in them lies to make them forget the horrors of their prison life by the exercise of hospitality. But, after enthusiasm wanes, it will be necessary to take practical action in regard to these real martyrs for Ireland. It will not do to leave them without the means of livelihood until they can re-establish themselves in their various occupations, for all had been able, self-supporting men. A dozen or more years of cruel confinement must have broken them more or less in intellect as well as in health, but, with fostering, brotherly care all may be recovered. It should be the duty of all patriotic Irish-American societies, and of the Irish-American element at large, to see to it that the four brave men just released from the dungeons of the enemy, shall not be left unprovided and uncared for.

ENGLISH ESTABLISHED CHURCH FRAUD.

An Englishman of somewhat irreverent tendencies, signing himself "Northumbrian," takes a hard crack at the English Established (Episcopal) church in its dealings with the crofters of the Hebrides, in a recent number of Reynolds' Newspaper. His letter reminds us of some stories we have heard of the similar establishment that once—before the Fenians made themselves felt—existed in Ireland. Some "established" parsons in the west and south of that country never had any other congregation than the sexton and themselves, with, occasionally, their wives and children. A yarn is told of a good County Mayo priest, who having a special liking for the Protestant established parson of his parish, and not wishing to have him removed, or reduced in salary, once upon a time "lent him his congregation." It happened somewhat in this wise. The Rev. Maxwell, Protestant minister, received notification from Dublin that the archbishop would visit him on a certain Sunday, with the object, of course, of "sizing up" his parish. In great extremity of terror, Parson Maxwell ran to his friend, Father McGann, and explained his difficulty. "Make your mind easy," said the good priest," I'll manage that all right."

He sent messengers around the parish announcing that mass, on that particular Sunday, would be celebrated an hour earlier than usual—that is at 8 o'clock. Parson Maxwell's services were scheduled for 9.30 o'clock. The archbishop had arrived early, and the sexton brought word to Mr. Maxwell that not a soul had put in an appearance at the church, although it was then within twenty minutes of the appointed time. Mr. Maxwell looked blank, but he had to face the music. Just as he began to despair, while emerging from the sacristi, or what answered for a sacristi, he heard the approaching noise of a great multitude. Suddenly the main entrance of the church was thrown open, and an immense mass of people marched into the edifice, filling it beyond its utmost capacity. The archbishop was astonished, but said nothing. The services proceeded in English, but as most of the "congregation," as was common in that day, understood only Irish, that did not trouble them much. The archbishop preached; they listened with apparent attention, but nineteen out of twenty of those present didn't understand a word of his discourse. At last, the services being ended, Parson Maxwell dismissed his "flock." "I congratulate you," said the archbishop to him at dinner, "that was the finest Protestant congregation I ever saw in Ireland." That same evening, Parson Maxwell and Father McGann had a merry talk over his grace's simplicity. "I'll have to absolve my flock for having attended your heretical services," said Father McGann. "I'll never forget the service you rendered me," returned Parson Maxwell, and he didn't. They remained close friends until death summoned them. This story is only an illustration of the hard straits the established clergy were sometimes in to make a plausible showing for their livings.

But here is what "Northumbrian" has to say in the columns of Reynolds:

"In the island of Lewis, the largest of the Hebridean group, a state of matters exists unparalled in any civilized country. In townships such as Back, Crowmore, Ballalan, the insanitary condition of the houses beggars description. Twelve years ago, Lord Napier, the chairman of the first Crofter commission, in describing the black houses of the Lewis, said: 'In the lowest stage there is the sordid hovel in which horses, cows and pigs occupy one end of the undivided tenement, while the human inhabitants, accompanied by dogs and poultry, are immersed in obscurity and poverty at the other.' The case of the cottar is ten times worse. I have seen families of eight, nine and ten members sleeping, irrespective of sex, stradogue fashion on the earthen floor, the father and mother in the centre, and the oldest boy and girl taking up the extreme right and left.

"The Hebridean is an intensely religious person and, strange as it may appear, the Established church parson has been one of the most formidable enemies with which he has had to contend in resisting evictions and clearances. The parson has taught the crofter and cottar to repeat morning and evening, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Go into the wretched dog-holes where these people live and you see how the the prayer is responded to. The school board is beginning seriously to undermine the power of the clergy, and these black-coated gentry no longer dominate the souls and bodies of the people. The Established church in the Highlands and Hebrides has been always the enemies of the people. No less a sum than £44,000 is paid to its members in the six Highland counties for the religious enlightenment of 12,241 members. While hundreds of crofter and cottar families are always on the verge of starvation, the state pays in certain parts of the Hebrides as high as £47 7s. 6d. per Christian per annum.

"That is a pretty expensive item for saving the soul of a benighted crofter. Yet that is the sum in Waternish, Isle of Skye. Putting it thus, if the Christian crofter in Waternish should reach the age of seventy, then the state would have paid £3,316 5s. for each of the three communicants attached to this congregation, or the enormous sum of £9,948 15s. for the trio. At Moyhall and Dalrossie, the former the residence of the Mackintosh, eight members cost the state £41 12s. 6d. Each member of the Island of Bernera, North Uist, where Sir John Orde has great influence, costs the public £26 16s. a head. The expense to the state in the parish of Abernethy is £19 4s.; in Bracadale and Kilmuir, Isle of Skye, £16 10s.; in Daviot and Dunlichity, £14 10s.; in Ursuhart and Glenmorriston, £14 8s. 6d.; in Insh, £14 6s. 6d.; in Barra, £13 7s. 6d., and in Glenelg and in Small Isles, £13 17s. The cheapest sets of Christians in the County of Inverness are those of Sleat, Isle of Skye, and of the high church, Inverness, the former costing £1 13s. 6d, and the latter £1 12s. each. In the Island of Lewis one may attend an Established church service, the congregation consisting solely of the parson's wife, his family, servant, the beadle and precentor, with, perhaps, a stray visitor. Yet the stipend and glebe are worth £40 per annum.

"In view of these things it is not surprising that the state-paid clergy rally round the blue coats when these are used by the landlords for suppressing revolt and for evicting tenants."

And it was at once proposed by the English government to pay salaries to the clergy of the Catholic Church! O'Connell refused the offer with scorn, as became his statesmanship and sense of dignity. A paid priesthood, like that of the Englished Established church, would be contemptible in the eyes of Irish Catholics.

THE "IRISH WORLD" ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Prof. Robert Ellis Thompson, the distinguished staff writer for the Irish World, in treating of the present political conditions, says in the issue of Aug. 8:

"We are entering upon a presidential campaign more sharply sectional than even that of 1860. All the bonds of party loyalty have snapped under the strain. There is not a State west or south of Pennsylvania that the Republican party is reasonably certain to carry. Ohio has furnished them their candidate, but an experienced Republican politician of that State, himself a supporter of McKinley, declares he is doubtful of even Ohio. He meets everywhere with new zeal for silver, which has wiped out old party antagonisms, and has brought together people who never were friends before. Around the threshing machines, in the country stores, and wherever else the farmers congregate the talk is of silver, and he finds no tolerance for any one who stands up for the gold standard. In his own phrase, 'they jump on him at once.' One of them pointed out a gold bug on his coat as the insect which had got in among their wheat, and reduced it 50 per cent. And if this be true of Ohio, with its local pride in Mr. McKinley and its normal Republican majority, what is likely to be true of the States west of it?

"There is more at stake in this election then monetary policy, as there was more at stake in 1860 than the admission of slavery into the Territories. The Union is at stake. I do not mean by this that the defeat of Mr. Bryan would be followed by a civil war, or by any attempt at secession even on the part of men like Gov. Waite, of Colorado, the fire-eater of today. What I mean is that his defeat would shake the confidence of the southern Western States in our government as a system of effective and substantial justice, which leaves each State room to make the best of its natural advantages, and takes equal care of all the interests within its care. I believe that unless we can take measures to satisfy their reasonable expectations, we shall see the spread and deepening of that sectional spirit, which Washington regarded as our especial peril. We of the East need to look beyond the next election to the perpetuation of the Union in the hearts and wills of the people—the only solid basis for national unity."

THE CITIZEN does not take quite as pessimistic a view of the situation as Prof. Thompson, but the Republican party had better heed the signs of the times, as by him indicated. The Irish World has been the faithful ally of that party, since the candidacy of Blaine, and its present attitude is ominous. In fact we may add that, for the Republican candidates, it is alarming. They need all the friends they can muster in this great fight.

ENGLAND'S CRIMINAL SELFISHNESS.

The absolute selfishness and un-Christliness of British policy is displayed by the cowardly attitude of England on the question of life or death between the island of Crete and Turkey. England, frightened out of her wits by Russian diplomacy, is afraid to drive the Grand Turk into the arms of the Czar—a most fitting receptacle for the loathsome human beast. England is a dirty, miserable coward to allow wholesale murder, which she can prevent, purely from fear of further imperiling her fast relaxing hold on the Bosphorous and the Suez canal—the short route to India. It is pleasant to see the old political harlot squirm, while her bullies in parliament try in vain to defend her perfidious course. The blood of every victim of Turkish atrocity in Armenia and in Crete cries to heaven for vengeance on England. An empire founded in crime can only be maintained in crime. England is just as much responsible as Turkey for the murder of the Greek Christians. She has abandoned every principle of honor for lust of rule and of gain. While she is, in the main, responsible for Turkey's atrocities, the other European nations are by no means blameless. If the rulers of Russia, Germany, France, Italy and Austria were sincere in desiring to avert further bloodshed and rapine in the Christian provinces swayed by the Porte, they would all unite, not waiting for England's consent to the measure, and drive the damnable, horrible, "unspeakable Turk" out of Europe.

PARNELL'S STAGE FRIGHT.

Mr. Terence O'Brien, a resident of Ballycohey, County Tipperary, contributes to the Dublin Nation of Aug. 1, a very interesting reminiscence of the late A. M. Sullivan, of Dublin, and Charles Stewart Parnell, from which we excerpt the following:

"Passing by the Rotunda one evening (I would assume it should be at least a week after the selection of Parnell at Mr. Butt's dinner table), a placard at the gates caught my eye, on which it was indicated that a Home Rule meeting was being held inside for the purpose of promoting the candidature of Charles Stewart Parnell, and the names of Prof. Galbraith, Col. King-Harman, Capt. Nolan, A. M. Sullivan, the candidate himself, and others, were mentioned as speakers. Inside on the platform were most of those whose names were mentioned above, and a good many other of that class known as Protestant Home Rulers, who were still sulking and still inconsolable on account of the disestablishment of the Protestant church. When I entered, Prof. Galbraith, who presided, was speaking, and just before he had finished Mr. A. M. Sullivan and a young gentleman hurriedly came in from behind the platform, both having a very overworked and travel stained appearance. The young man proved to be Mr. Parnell, the candidate. Dr. Galbraith having finished, Mr. Sullivan addressed the meeting, and his impassioned and dashing oratory soon roused up the heretofore rather sluggish audience to a pitch of the highest excitement and interest. We learnt from Mr. Sullivan that he and the young candidate had been traveling on an outside car all over the County Dublin since early that morning, visiting the voters, principally farmers, in their houses and fields. You must remember at this time the County Dublin returned True Blues as unfailingly as Antrim in the Black North does now. The ballot act had not yet been placed on the statute book, and John Mitchel's 'genteel dastards' ruled the parliamentary roost in the metropolitan county.

"But to proceed. Mr. Sullivan dwelt on the noble part the Parnell family for generations took in the Irish cause, and after bringing up to the mind's eye a glowing picture of a great family casting aside the prejudices of rank and class, and ranging themselves on the side of the lowly and oppressed, he pointed to the pallid stripling by his side, and in the most thrilling tones proclaimed that he would carve for himself a name in the service of his nation which would not alone surpass everything his ancestors had done, but would rank him in the future history of Ireland with her very greatest sons. This and much more of even a stronger kind, in which he almost foreshadowed the great movement which made Parnell's fame, was uttered in a most impressive and seer-like manner, and, in spite of the orator's gifts and histrionic powers, there was among the audience a feeling that Mr. Sullivan wss laying it on unreasonably. That feeling became intensified when Mr. Sullivan sat down. Mr. Parnell, with such an introduction ringing in our ears, rose to address us. He stood out in the centre of the platform, and it was clear he was quite dazed from nervousness—in fact, the physical and mental incapacity was painful to everyone present. I have never at a public meeting or a private party witnessed such absolute impotency of utterance as Parnell then displayed. He had, of course, a most sympathetic and attentive audience, but the only words that could be caught from his trembling lips were, 'gentlemen,' 'electors of Dublin,' and one or two incoherent and unintelligible utterances when he staggered backwards into a seat behind him. The audience compassionating warmly cheered, and the meeting broke up in a few minutes.

"I remember when walking back from the meeting with a friend how very sapiently we condemned the extravagance of Mr. Sullivan's language, more particularly as we said to one another when such a duffer as the young candidate proved himself to be was the subject of it. I think in O'Connor's 'History of the Parnell Movement,' and in Mr. Sullivan's 'New Ireland' this incident is referred to. Parnell's hopeless breakdown is touched upon, but no mention is made of Mr. Sullivan's speech. I have a most vivid recollection of the whole scene as if it occurred yesterday. This rather long narrative is written hastily so as to secure its insertion in your next issue. I have no doubt that some of your Dublin readers were present at this meeting, and will recognize this feeble statement as being strictly correct in so far as it describes this very wonderful episode of a very wonderful man."

Parnell, subsequently, became an effective public speaker and an excellent parliamentary debater, as the whole world knows, but he never became a great orator. Stage fright is not uncommon in public speakers, particularly on a first appearance, and it is no conclusive evidence of lack of oratorical power. The nervous speakers are generally the best, particularly when unprepared, because they soon get over their tremblings, forget all about themselves, become enwrapped in their subjuects and "rise to the occasion." Biographical history tells us that Demosthenes was an awkward speaker at first and stammered badly. In order to cure himself of the defect, he placed a pebble in his mouth, and it seems to have operated as a cure, although it must have been an awkward thing to "mouth" while he was speaking. Grattan never entirely recovered from his original grotesqueness of delivery. Richard Brinsley Sheridan made a horrid failure of his first parliamentary effort, although he subsequently made an oratorical reputation superior even to that of his great colleague, Edmund Burke. When Sheridan failed in his maiden speech, he said to those around him, with an imprecation, "It is in me, and it must come out!" And it did. Benjamin Disraeli, afterward Earl of Beaconsfield, made a miserable exhibition of himself when he first addressed the house of commons. Men of all parties laughed at him. "I have attempted many things several times and at last succeeded," was his prophetic remark, as he resumed his seat amid the taunts and jeers of his opponents and the shame-faced silence of his friends. He had, afterward, one of the most eminently successful parliamentary careers recorded in British history.

These examples will serve to illustrate the fact that, because a man fails in his maiden speech, he is not, therefore, a failure for all time. On the contrary, it is the originally glib speaker who most frequently loses his talent, and becomes, with age, destitute of force and originality.

LAND BILL PROVISIONS.

Many people seem to be ill-informed relative to the new Irish Land bill, which has just passed both houses of the British parliament, with amendments favorable to the landlords. Mr. Eugene Davis, of New York, in a correspondence to the Western Watchman, thus summarizes the measure:

"The bill was introduced April 15 by the chief secretary for Ireland, Gerald Balfour. It provides for facilitating the purchase of holdings, and secures the lessee from rent levies on improvements, embodies the least contentious provisions of the Irish Land bill of 1895, and modifies others. It provides that the tenant, on payment of two years' rent, shall be deemed to be in just possession, leaving the landlord to recover the remainder of arrears in the ordinary way. There is no change in the terms of fifteen years for fixing a fair rent. Purchase will not be compulsory, the terms for repayment will be extended from forty-nine years to more than seventy years, and relief will be given to tenants towards the end of their tenancy, enabling every purchaser to buy in less than twenty years. At the start there will be 20 per cent less rent than is paid now, and tenants will be relieved at 10 per cent during the first thirty years. The powers of the Congested Districts board are increased, and it may borrow to the extent of £1,500,000 ($7,500,000). The government would not consent to the use of public money for the evicted tenants, believing that relief should come from private sources; but it allowed willingness to re-enact the clause of the Land bill for a year, and so act as mediator."

It is a pity the bill did not pass in the form given above, although, even then, the landlords would have the better part of it. Emasculated as it has been, in order to placate the lords, it might just as well not have been passed at all. The most vital point in it would have been a clause for the relief of the evicted tenants, but the government, of course, does not want to relieve them. It prefers to see them emigrate or go to the workhouse.

DEATH OF FATHER O'MAHONY.

All patriotic Irishmen will regret to learn of the sudden death of the Rev. Bernard Emmet O'Mahony, of Havana, Ill., which occurred at the parochial residence in that place last Monday. He was taken ill with cerebral trouble while celebrating mass in an outside parish on Sunday, and never rallied from the attack. Father O'Mahony came here from Ireland about ten years ago. In his native land, as in the United States, he was an ardent friend of liberty, and, at a Land League meeting, in Ireland, which was attacked by the police, he received a blow on the head from a constable's club which permanently affected his health. At intervals, he would regain his strength of body and mind, but he always anticipated an early close of his career. In this city, Father O'Mahony was an especial favorite, because of his frank, genial manners, and unbounded patriotism. His remains were conveyed here from Havana on Tuesday, and lay in state at the house of a relative residing on Wallace street until Thursday morning. The funeral services were held at All Saints church, and the throng of mourners was so great that hardly all could gain admission. High mass of requiem was celebrated by the reverend pastor and assistant priests, many of the local clergy occupying seats in the sanctuary. At the conclusion of the prayers for the dead, the body was re-borne to the hearse. Interment was at Calvary cemetery. We regret that, owing to the lateness of the hour of burial and the necessity of going to press, we cannot give a more extended report of the obsequies in this issue, but will endeavor to repair the omission next week.

BALFOUR'S BILL PASSES.

Gerald Balfour has succeeded in getting his Irish land bill passed by the lords in a mutilated form. That body adopted it as it came back from the house of commons with only one division, which was on the amendment relating to town parks, upon which the government received a majority of sixteen. We suppose there may be a crumb or two of comfort in this bill for the Irish tenants, but it is mainly a landlords' bill, as it was intended to be from the first. Only an Irish parliament, or congress, unfettered by hereditary legislators, who always look out severely for their own interests, can pass a land bill satisfactory to the farmers of Ireland. But that sort of a parliament is now seen dimly through a very thick mist of opposition.

DEATH OF MRS. R. E. MORRISON.

We are pained to announce the unlooked for death at Prescott, Arizona, last week, of the amiable wife of Judge Robert Emmet Morrison, eldest son of Hon. A. L. Morrison, of Santa Fe, N. M., formerly of this city. Judge Robert Morrison, like his gifted father, has won for himself an honorable place in the great southwestern community, and is one of the most successful jurists in the territory of his adoption. What makes the bereavement he has sustained still more painful is the fact that the poor mother left behind her a tender infant barely a week old. The friends of the Morrison family in this city and elsewhere sympathize profoundly with their affliction.

AN INTERESTING IRISH-AMERICAN BOOK.

Mr. M. F. Fanning, of this city, is entitled to the thanks of his fellow-countrymen everywhere for having compiled and published a handsome volume, entitled "The New Movement Convention Which Gave Birth to the Irish National Alliance," and which contains a full report of the proceedings of the convention held here in September, 1895, together with many interesting biographical sketches, and excellent portraits of over one hundred leading Irish Nationalists from different parts of the United States. Among the portraits are those of William Lyman, President of the Irish National Alliance; John P. Sutton, ex-secretary of the same; Thomas Dundon, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, present secretary; John F. Finerty, chairman of the convention; John T. Keating, State President A. O. H.; O'Donovan Rossa, John J. O'Connell, Senator P. V. Fitzpatrick, Treasurer I. N. A.; M. F. Fanning, Dr. D. D. O'Gormon, St. Louis, Mo.; C. Moloney, St. Louis, Mo.; Hon. M. V. Gannon, James F. Leonard, Columbus, O.; Hon. M. J. Langan, New York; Hon. Thomas H. Greevy, Pennsylvania; Capt. Jeremiah Sheehy, of San Francisco, Cal., and many other widely known Irish Nationalists. The speeches delivered by Messrs. John F. Finerty, O'Neill Ryan, the Hon. M. F. Wilhere, John T. Keating, M. J. Langan, Hon. M. V. Gannon, O'Donovan Rossa and others are given in full. The introduction is by Mr. Finerty, and there is also a publisher's preface. The volume is a model of neat binding, clear type and good material. No Irish Nationalist should be without a copy of Mr. Fanning's book, which is sold at a popular price.

KENTUCKY FIRE.

How Captain John McAfferty of the Brave Old State of Daniel Boone and Henry Clay Met the British Tyrants in the Dock.

His Celebrated Attempt to Capture Chester Castle Foiled by an Informer—His Burning Words When Sentence of Death Was Passed Upon Him.

When Col. Bourke had been sentenced John McAfferty was placed at the bar. Here is a description of him, taken from a newspaper of the period:

A fine fellow is McAfferty, tall and Celt-like in shape, slim waisted and graceful, dark of complexion, his face bronzed in the sun and smoke of war. The light of battle has gleamed upon it all through the red campaigns which began at Sumter and ended at Richmond. This accused Fenian, with his soft smile and pleasant features, has been a man of the sword, and learned his deadly art where Stonewall Jackson led and Lee commanded. He has been in the trenches and in the field, and many a time dashed, it may be, to victory with some forlorn hope of Southern valor, or fell back with his men in sullen retreat from a field of blood. He holds a captain's commission, signed by Robert Lee, and is, for all his Irish name, an alien in the motherland of his race. I like this alien's look, as his glittering dark eye flashes its light while he pleads "not guilty," in a full and resonant voice.

McAfferty had already been tried at Cork in December, 1865, on a charge of treason, but as he was an American citizen, and had committed no overt act against the government within English jurisdiction, the judges were reluctantly compelled to direct the jury to bring in a verdict of acquittal. So far from being deterred by his narrow escape from penal servitude, he seems to have redoubled his efforts in the Fenian cause on his return to America. He visited Philadelphia, Washington and other large centres of the revolutionary movement, and appealed for arms and munitions of war; and when Stephens refused to fight, he, with other American leaders, determined on immediate action, and returned to Ireland. Himself a practical soldier, and one who in Morgan,s famous raiders in the Southern army often dashed along in many a desperate charge, he saw that what the organization most required was arms, and in conjunction with John Flood, who had charge of the movement in England and Scotland, he formed a scheme for supplying this great need, which, with its boldness and vigor of concepsion, lights up the dark pages of the story of the failure, and reads like a chapter of a romance.

In Chester castle, in England, were stored nine thousand stand of arms, four thousand swords, and nine hundred thousand rounds of ammunition. To turn this vast store to the service of Ireland was the task which McAfferty and Flood undertook, and but for the treachery of Corydon, would certainly have succeeded in accomplishing. The arrangements were that two thousand men should assemble at Chester, cut the telegraph wires, attack the castle, seize the night train on its way to Hollyhead, and carry off the arms. At Hollyhead it was proposed to seize the steamer for Dublin, and before the government could be aware of it, have the nucleus of an Irish army, well equipped and resolute, on Irish soil. The attack was to be made on Feb. 11, 1867, and on Saturday, Feb. 9, McAfferty arrived in Chester. On Sunday he was visited by several of the leaders he had chosen to conduct the movement, and on Monday afternoon strangers came crowding into the town from Manchester, Crewes and other places. The government authorities state that between 1,400 and 1,500 such strangers came in. The men, who had been carefully instructed, quietly dispersed themselves through the town, and waited anxiously for nightfall. The town, however, began to rapidly fill with soldiers, and every train augmented their numbers, till it became quite clear that the authorities were on the alert, and the attempt must be abandoned. McAfferty and Flood directed their men to return home, and after remaining some days in the neighborhood took passage by a Manx steamer for Whitehaven, whence they proceeded on board the collier New Draper, for Dublin. Here, too, as in Chester, the authorities, who derived their information from Corydon, were on the alert, and when the boat arrived in the Liffey the two revolutionary leaders were arrested.

The chief witness against McAfferty was Corydon, who deposed to his connection with the contemplated raid on Chester castle, and with the men who had afterward raised the flag of rebellion in Ireland. In his address to the jury Butt alluded to the prisoner as "a man who had won an admirable character on the field of fame, and who had only done what Englishmen gloried in when they went to fight with Garibaldi."

Before sentence of death was passed upon him he spoke as follows:

"My lords—I have nothing to say that can, at this advanced stage of the trial, ward off that sentence of death, for I might as well hurl my complaint (if I had one) at the orange trees of the sunny south, or the tall pine trees of the bleak north, as now to speak to the question why sentence of death should not be passed upon me according to the law of the land; but I do protest loudly against the injustice of that sentence. I have been brought to trial upon a charge of high treason against the government of Great Britain, and guilt has been brought home to me upon the evidence of one witness, and that witness a perjured informer. I deny distinctly that there have been two witnesses to prove the overt act of treason against me. I deny distinctly that you have brought two independent witnesses to the overt acts. There is but one witness to prove the overt act of treason against me. I grant that there has been a cloud of circumstantial evidence to show my connection (if I may please to use the word) with the Irish people in their attempt for Irish independence, and I claim that as an American and an alien, I have a reason and a right to sympathize with the Irish people or any other people who may please to revolt against that form of government by which they believe they are governed tyrannically. England sympathized with America. She not only sympathized, but she gave her support to both parties; but who ever heard of an Englishman having been arrested by the United States government for having given his support to the Confederate States of America, and placed on his trial for high treason against the government? No such case ever has been. I do not deny that I have sympathized with the Irish people—I love Ireland—I love the Irish people. And, if I were free tomorrow, and the Irish people were to take the field for independence, my sympathy would be with them; I would join them if they had any prospect whatever of independence, but I would not give my sanction to the useless effusion of blood, however done; and I state distinctly that I had nothing whatever to do, directly or indirectly, with the movement that took place in the county of Dublin. I make that statement on the brink of my grave. Again, I claim that I have a right to be discharged of the charge against me by the language of the law by which I have been tried. That law states that you must have two independent witnesses to prove the overt act against the prisoner. That is the only complaint I have to make, and I make that aloud. I find no fault with the jury, no complaint against the judges. I have been tried and found guilty. I am perfectly satisfied that I will go to my grave. I will go to my grave like a gentleman and a Christian, although I regret that I should be cut off at this stage of my life—still many a noble Irishman fell in defense of the rights of my southern clime. I do not wish to make any flowery speech to win sympathy in the court of justice. Without any further remarks I will now accept the sentence of the court."

As in Bourke's case, the sentence was commuted, and McAfferty was detained in penal servitude. He is still alive, and has since his release taken a prominent part in more than one National movement, the history of which cannot yet be written.—Irish Weekly Independent.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The annual field sports of the Gaelic Athletic Association will come off tomorrow (Sunday), at the grounds of the association, Ogden avenue and Rockwell street. The date first fixed for the holding of the sports was Aug. 30, but owing to the postponement of the picnic to be given by the A. O. H. on that date, the association decided to hold their field day a week earlier. The programme contains eleven events, including running, jumping, weight throwing, and a tug-of-war between the Seventh regiment, I. N. G. and the Clan-na-Gael guards. A feature which should attract special interest, is a military drill and bayonet exercise between Companies A and E of the Clan-na-Gael guards, for a beautiful silk flag, presented by the association. All the events are open, and will be handicapped, so that all entering will be assured a fair chance of winning some of the gold medals and other valuable prizes which are to be offered. The association expended a large amount of money in fencing and laying out the grounds, and deserves the patronage of every person who feels an interest in helping to keep alive the old national games.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The regular monthly meeting of the Lyceum will be held in Oxford hall, formerly Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first street, near Cottage Grove avenue, Thursday evening, Aug. 27, commencing at 8 o'clock. The meeting will be opened with a musical programme, after which a debate will follow upon the very interesting subject: "Is Emigration Beneficial to Ireland?" The speakers will include many prominent South side Irishmen, who are well versed in all phases of the Irish question, and a most instructive and enjoyable evening is promised those fortunate enough to be present. For further particulars, also free tickets of admission, apply by mail to the secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 194 Dearborn avenue.

We have observed a list of alleged delegates from America to the "Convention of the Irish Race" to be held in Dublin next month. Among those mentioned are, at least, a few who have never taken any active part in Irish movements on this side of the water. This is mighty queer, but, nevertheless, it is true.

Ex-Congressman Ransom W. Dunham, of this city, ex-President of the Board of Trade, died suddenly of apoplexy, at Springfield, Mass., on Wednesday. He appeared to be in his usual robust health up to the moment of seizure.

The Emperor William's yacht ran down another craft, owned by a German baron, on Saturday. The baron was killed in the accident, but yachting will proceed just the same.

The Irish Nationalists of Belfast celebrated the release of the four political prisoners by a procession through the streets last Tuesday. They were attacked by the Orangemen, and a fierce riot resulted. Military and police had to be called upon to keep order. It is pleasant to have to relate that the unnatural Orange idiots got the worst of the encounter.

It is said that old Queen Vic has made a will in which she bequeaths £1,000,000 to Princess Beatrice, her favorite daughter, widow of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg. Eugenie, the ex-Empress of France, has settled, it is alleged, her private fortune on Beatrice's young daughter. No wonder old Vic is able to leave her grandchild £1,500,000, when she refused to advance the pay of the "royal" farm laborers from twelve to fifteen shillings a week a few years ago.

COME TO ME, DEAREST.

(The Irish exile to his wife).

Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,
Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee,
Night-time and daytime in dreams I behold thee,
Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty, to bless and to brighten,
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing;
And thoughts of thy love and its manifold treasure,
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.
O, Spring of my spirit, O, May, of my bosom,
Shine out on my soul till it burgeon and blossom.
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figures that move like a song through the even,
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven,
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where the shadows and sunshine are chasing each other,
Smiles coming seldom, but child-like and simple,
Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple—
Oh! thanks to the Savior, that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened;
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave and rhyme unto rhyme, love;
I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing;
You cannot smile but my cheeks will be glowing;
I would not die without you at my side, love;
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of tomorrow,
Strong, swift and fond as the words which I speak, love,
With a song on your lip, and a smile on your cheek, love;
Come, for my heart in your absence is weary;
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary;
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee;
Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee.

Joseph Brenan.

A POET'S TREASURES.

Before we go upstairs to Eugene Field's room, the one which holds his choicest treasures, it is necessary to remind you again that he had a child's love for grotesque toys and of barbaric colors and effects. He was especially fond of red. The room in which he died is papered with a fantastic, swirling pattern on a red ground, which is absolutely exasperating to those people who prefer soft browns and dull reds. Few persons understand what his idea was in selecting this red paper with its grotesque yet conventional swirl. In Henry B. Fuller's "With the Procession" that author tells about a Chicago woman namsd Susan Bates, who furnished her house magnificently except one little room.

Upon this room she spent a great deal of money, and visited many old-fashioned stores, in order to furnish it like a primitive one she had occupied when a girl in her father's house. Now this was partly Eugene Field's idea in furnishing his own room. He was fond of grotesque effects, he loved red passionately, and he wanted a reminder of the furnishings of a century ago. Where he found that gorgeous red paper, or the old-fashioned calico for the red curtain, would be difficut to tell, but he had a knack for discovering quaint things which other people pass by without notice. When it is added that the rugs on the floor are also red, perhaps it may be imagined that this room is hideous. But it is not. The long bookcase on one side, the white column in the middle around which are arranged shelves holding Mr. Field's treasures, and a gray screen repeating with a slight variation the same singular swirl that is upon the walls, relieves the eye to such an extent that the effect is harmonious. As you enter the room, you are confronted with two hideous figures. An outlandish Japanese figure is suspended from the wall by one arm. In the other it holds three Japanese gongs fastened together so as to make a loud sound when struck with the red stick. The other is the face of a bobgoblin attached to the headboard of his bedstead. Field pretended that he bought it to frighten away his babies when they insisted upon interrupting him while he was writing, but, like their father, they were so fond of the ludicrous that the strange faces the monster would make only made them laugh; so the intended bugaboo but added to the attractions of the room.

On the shelves one may find a strange collection of quaint bottles of every conceivable shape and size, and Mr. Field hunted many shops for those candelabra which our grandmothers loved, those with glass pendants through which a child may distinguish the seven colors of the rainbow. He also had a queer collection of canes, candlesticks and baby shoes. Not alone the first shoes his own babies wore, with the toes and heels worn out, but wooden shoes, and even glass shoes, reminding one of Cinderella's glass slipper. There are also two strange wooden horses, one used by Mr. Toole, the English actor, when he played "The Cricket on the Hearth," and the other, daubed with a few spots of paint, used by Mr. Jefferson in the same play. Neither must one forget Mrs. Hawthorne's jinger-jar, nor the ax Mr. Gladstone gave Eugene Field. The ax is suspended above the window.—["Eugene Field," by Mary J. Reid and Henrietta Dexter Field, in August St. Nicholas.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

Monroe Council, I. N. A.

The regular monthly meeting of the above Council was held on Friday evening, Aug. 14, at Forty-seventh street and Ashland avenue. President J. A. Flanagan occupied the chair, and a large number of members were present. The chairman addressed the meeting at some length on the aims and objects of the New Movement, and commented on the release of the Irish political prisoners. His remarks were received with great applause. Strong resolutions were passed condemning the British government for their long and cruel treatment of the brave Irishmen, congratulating the prisoners on their release, and bidding them a hearty caed mille failthe to the land of the free. The Irish Societies were also complimented on the great success of their efforts. Brother Dooley was appointed recording secretary in place of Wm. McGuire. Brother John J. Hanrahan was unanimously appointed financial secretary. Several new members were initiated. The Council hope to give a reunion early in the fall. It is also hoped in a few short months to procure a hall and give members properly directed military instruction, so as to be prepared for emergencies. The next meeting will be held on the second Friday of September, when a literary entertainment will be given by the members, and to which all members of the I. N. A. are invited to attend. After the transaction of routine business the meeting adjourned.

HYMENEAL.

CURRAN-LALOR.

The marriage of Miss Annie Lalor and Mr. John J. Curran took place on Wednesday, Aug. 12, at the church of the Blessed Sacrament, the Rev. Father Dunne officiating. Among those present at the ceremony was the Rev. Father Riordan, of St. John's church. Miss Lalor comes from an old Queen's county family. Mr. and Mrs. Curran will make their future home in Chicago.

New Handball Court.

The splendid handball court recently erected by that popular Irishman, W. A. Hanlan, at VanBuren street and Kedzie avenue, will be opened for play tomorrow (Sunday). The court is one of the finest in the city, fitted up with electric lights and all the latest improvements.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS

White Star Line.

The Majestic arrived at New York, Aug. 19, at 6 a. m.

The Teutonic arrived at Queenstown, Aug. 18, at 8 p. m.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Harvest Excursions

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the grand crops in the Western States and enable the intending settler to secure a home, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has arranged to run a series of harvest excursions to South and North Dakota, and to other States in the West, Northwest and Southwest on the following dates: Aug. 18, Sept. 1, 15, 29 and Oct. 6 and 20, at the low rate of $2 more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger agent, Chicago, Ill.

NATHAN HALE.

The American Patriot Spy.

BY REV. FATHER FINCH.

To drum-beat and heart-beat
A soldier marches by,
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye;
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight
He seeks the Briton's camp
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp:
And the starlight and the moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented line,
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave
It meets his eager glance,
And it sparkles 'neath the stars
Like the glimmer of a lance—
A dark wave a plumed wave
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and stead brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod,
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn word of God!
In the long night, the still night
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn
He dies upon the tree,
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn
His spent wings are free.

But his words, his message-words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should not read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last word, his dying word,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn!

The Gaelic League.

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 119, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and presents an opportunity of which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League bars not religion or sect, admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books etc., write to William Raleigh, No. 735 S. Canal street, who is the only person in Chicago who receives books direct from the publishers in Dublin.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

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"Irish-American Patriots in the Early Wars and Politics of Our Country," by Rev. Joseph A. Pompeney, D.D., is a booklet that will delight, instruct and refresh you. Send 10 cents in silver for it to Thomas J. Casey, Publisher, 1427 Oak street, Kansas City, Mo.

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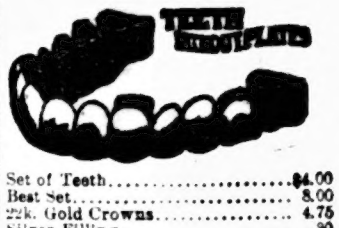

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ACCURSED VERTIGO.

In our times France's great African colonies are subdued forever, but in other days, during the attempts of a laborious conquest, every moment held a danger. Skirmishes were incessant, real combats were frequent, and each post of the extreme vanguard had its romantic episodes, to be related later. Here is one of them.

Soft and wavering the wind blew up off the scorched waste of sandy desert, the air freshened suddenly, and night fell. Like a barrier upon the horizon, the ascending hills gradually took on tints of lilac. To the right and to the left stretched the plain of reddish sand, traversed irregularly by ravines of less or greater darkness, according to their depth, and by strange palm groves, yellow, dusty, sunburnt. Twilight is unknown in Africa. Darkness falls there with a push, like a curtain, and this swiftness of change of setting is accentuated correspondingly as the dry country is reached, in the heart of the desert, in the unexplored lands. Here, past the high plains, beyond Saida, Ain-Seffra, almost into Marocco, on the borders of the mysterious Fighig, at the farthest point whither the exploring columns have penetrated, this natural phenomenon is profoundly noticeable. The shades invade the earth in the briefest moment and change and darken it with their clouds as ink darkens water.

A bugle sounded within the circle of tents. The horses of the picket lifted their heads, and the chasseurs, in their wide blouses and trousers of linen, went to form in line slowly for the evening roll call. The bugle, loud and shrill, was echoed again and again, carried by the sonorous swells to the foot of the tranquil mountains, where the sound died out. The squadron was formed on the right. Cabarousse, captain, commanding, and his two lieutenants, Peyralte and Vaudras, all drowsy, regarded the maneuver carelessly, without uttering a word, with their arms drooping, and all about, far, near and above, everywhere, there reigned a silence so great that it seemed religious, sacred, full of august mysteries.

The roll call was begun. After each name followed the brief, monotonous answers, as each day at that hour, with the apathetic indifference of mechanical exertion. The adjutant did not even pause before passing from one name to another.

"Present—esent—sent!"

"Hanrion?"

No one answered. The adjutant, surprised, lifted his gaze from his rollbook and repeated:

"Hanrion?"

No answer.

"Well, are you deaf, you Hanrion?"

No answer.

A soldier was missing. His companions of the ranks spread their ranks and gesticulated in token that they knew nothing, comprehended nothing. Cabarousse came forward.

Let us see. Who was the last man to see Hanrion? Where was it? When was it? Speak up now."

In the morning at roll call. None had seen him since.

"Finish the roll call! Break—ranks!"

So there was a soldier missing. In the neighborhood of a city Cabarousse would have shrugged his shoulders, saying simply, "A hair thrown to the winds," but here in this complete solitude, 20 leagues from the last advanced post, an absent man might as well be counted dead at once. And in a squadron alone there, isolated, lost and entirely dependent upon itself, a call without response was enough to chill the boldest. In the desert ranks are inevitably narrowed and individualities are allied. No one is unknown. All are comrades, and one of these comrades had disappeared.

In every group, whether the sleeves were blank or braided, that disappearance was discussed passionately, with the instinctive horror of the thought, "If it were I!" For human selfishness is never lost completely. All solidarity rests on personal considerations.

The country here was not, however, openly dangerous, not avowedly hostile. The bands of nomad Arabs had been repulsed, driven back to the mountains, and only a Kabyle village had its huts a short distance away. But the Kabyles are sedentary, of lazy habits, and they regard with indifference the foreign troops defiling past them in clouds of golden dust and strike not unless they are attacked in their own dwellings, under their roofs of mud and stone.

And yet, nevertheless, Cabarousse, suspicious, twisting his mustache, looked obstinately to that side where lay the Kabyle village. There, he was convinced, lay the solution of the mystery. Suddenly he strode toward the group of soldiers.

"Here, let us see about this! No more trifling! Does any one know anything? There must be a woman in this business, a Kabyle woman, eh? Answer, one or another or all at once! But answer, or else"—

"A woman—or more than one! It is the same thing," let slip a soldier, shaking his head knowingly.

"Here, you! Come forward and tell what you know."

The soldier advanced and spoke out finally. He was a barracks gossip, a swaggerer, and he spoke after his kind.

"Well, this is about it, my captain. One is not made of wood, you see, and the desert is wide, and six months is a long time. It is very hard—not to see a woman for that long." Then he went on to say that the Kabyle girls were wont to go to wash their bright colored rags at a rill at no great distance from the camp, and, "the devil, one gets a twist in both eyes when one sees their brown round ankles as they go down to the gully. But that is all! As for their heads, they are so togged out that one sees only their eyes. But such eyes! That scamp Hanrion liked to go to watch them wash, a fancy like any other. He declared that the tallest and shortest of them winked at him sidewise as they passed him, and that always pleases a man, wherever he may be, captain"—

"That is enough!" cried Cabarousse, and he gave the order to saddle the horses.

Thirty men were left in charge of the tents. The others were galloping in the bright moonlight, and in the clear rays horses and riders projected gigantic shadows, scattered by the haste of march, but equal in dimensions, the lines being maintained strictly. The thirst for battle and the joy of vengeance impelled the squadron. Besides, any excitement is welcome which comes to break the monotony of long days of idleness. Then forward! Uprose and fled from the road the marauding jackals, whose shrill squeals insult from afar their natural enemy, man, once he is safely past them. Now and then a saber sounded against a stirrup, or a horse which had left his place was by force of hand returned thither, but always the troop continued advancing with spectral aspect, forming an ever retreating picture.

The soldiers were content with the expedition, perceiving that the death of one of them was not to be passed over indifferently, and that all bloody memories would find prompt vengeance. Little by little a sparse vegetation spread beneath the feet of the horses. Then the way was streaked by the silhouettes of palm trees. Farther yet and the Kabyle village stood confusedly out from the earth, with its mud hovels—low, narrow windowed—whose doors were too small for human stature, and roundabout were the inclosures for cattle, now vacant.

At a brief word of command the squadron halted. No light shone. All was dark. No one moved, nor anything whatever. Only a few vagabond dogs, scenting the strangers, barked. The troop surrounded at a walk the village, still silent, still dark. "Dismount!" They entered the first hut, and it was vacant. The inhabitants had fled, taking their effects and weapons. This was their guilty confession. More than that, all further search was now useless and without purpose.

But what was that? Lying across a doorway, with its face in a heap of filth, was the body of a man, with its throat cut, its face bathed in blood. It was Hanrion. Then on the vast night arises a clamor of rage, which presently sinks into grief—a tone of unspeakable sadness, of supreme pity. Afar stretch the undulating plains, and the imperturbable chain of hills, black now, seemed insolently to bar the way to reprisals.

Stiff upon his horse, gloomy and forbidding in the clear night, Cabarousse shook his clinched hand at the invisible as one who dreams of vengeance.

"Lieutenant," he cried at last, "take 50 men and crush that brood of maggots until not two are left living! Oh, that I must stay at my post—that I might go with you!"

When the ranks were formed, the sublieutenant, Philippe Vaudras, saluted and started with his 50 men toward the unknown, before them, while Cabarousse and his squad returned at a foot pace, in their own despite, to the camp with heads bent, with hearts saddened, bearing, laid across two horses, the blood stained body of the murdered Hanrion.

Tall, slender, a leonine blond, with clear, blue eyes, when he left the military school, Philippe Vaudras had chosen Africa as a field of adventure, and in a year of camp life he had made himself noted for his bravery, and this in a wild squadron where every man was valiant. Because of his white hands, his sweet voice, and his youth, the soldiers called him "lady sublieutenant;" but, when he charged across the plain, that "little one" gladdened the heart. His horse had splendid legs and was always first in the combat, and what a powerful fist had "my lady sublieutenant!" His soldiers were fain to follow Vaudras, since they could never get before him, and they followed him with enthusiasm, drunken with his wildness, and, above all, so that nothing of ill should befall him. He seemed precisely the chief necessary for that romantic expedition—for that tragic, for that getting extraordinarily tragic. After him his troop would follow blindly.

At the head of the vanguard and on the flanks of the squads the guides, the explorers, the pathfinders, bent over their pommels, with their gaze fixed on the ground, directing their course by tracks almost invisible by the pale light. Across a width of 40 yards there appeared in the sand deep marks, footprints of men and beasts, whose wide spaces attested the tumultuous flight, the disorder of defeat, beneath the furious lashes of the Kabyle drivers, terrified by that corpse they left behind them. The horses of the pursuers were panting. "Halt!" commanded Vaudras. The chasseurs camped as well as they could. They lay down to sleep with an arm through the bridle, and, in spite of the jerks and pulls of the animals, their sleep was deep and dreamless. At last a faint white streak appeared on the horizon. Dawn was breaking, and suddenly a growing light dispelled the shadows and discovered distant objects. Then, on the flank of the hills, appeared the tribe they were pursuing, a long, gray line of men, women and children, of sheep and oxen, climbing the heights in haste, and the air conveyed to them, like a call, the lowing of the oxen and the bleating of the sheep.

With one simultaneous shout the riders spurred to a gallop, but if they saw they were seen also, and the Kabyles, abandoning already the heaviest of their luggage, ran up the steeps in a revolt of confusion. They were lost to sight in the chaos of gigantic bowlders. One by one, as ants bury themselves in the earth, they were hidden to the last one in the hollows of the mountains. All that remained in sight were a few oxen, uneasy, turning toward the plain, lowing sadly, with necks stretched, muzzles thrust out and nostrils flaring.

An hour later Vaudras and his troopers found themselves all at once within a hundred yards of the enemy, having arrived thither by means of literal goat paths. The Kabyles had made front and were awaiting them. The situation explained their audacity. Between the fugitive tribe and the blue and red chasseurs the only path open was an extremely narrow pass which joined two level spaces. This pass ran along the side of the mountain like a forbidding balcony hung over a gorge of immense depth.

It was not wide enough for two horsemen abreast, and that beneath the unerring fire of the Kabyles on the heights. The least slip, the first false step, would send one rolling into infinite space. Vaudras saw this conformation, and, understanding its horror, his face blanched and he shut his eyes. The troopers paused in astonishment, and the smoking horses panted heavily and receded, necks thrust over croppers. Evidently the Kabyles had known of that natural redoubt. The women and children were hidden behind the rocks in the rear, and the men were on their knees or on their breasts, sheltered from the balls by great blocks of granite. They held the mountain and could fire at their pleasure upon the soldiers in the open. Moreover, there was the ravine, the threatening fall.

The French soldiers thrust their heads forward to gaze at the abyss, saying by their grimaces, "If we were birds, now"—

Suddenly the bugler, a little scamp of 20 years old at the utmost, spurred his horse forward in bravado and sounded the charge. The signal was given, the horses started of their own accord, and along the whole extent of the menacing pass, head flush with tails before them the first squad dashed splendidly under a furious fusillade. Only one man, restraining his horse with both hands—only one man, rigid as if petrified in his saddle—remained behind it as rear guard.

It was Vaudras.

One, two, three, four, five, twenty, the troopers thundered past him, shaking their heads under that hurricane of balls, but laughing and encouraging one another with shouts. The sublieutenant remained immovable, with his eyes fixed on the summit, a cold sweat running off his temples.

Vaudras was smitten with vertigo.

To be attacked by vertigo is almost as bad as to go mad outright. The horror of it suffocates and paralyzes, and the man predisposed by temperament to that mysterious potency of empty space, to that magnetic attraction from abysses, loses all consciousness of himself and all will power; he pales, he trembles, he recedes and flies from the mute summons of the invisible death awaiting him in the air.

Vaudras was afraid.

Ah, the battle! There are the powder which laughs, the lead which whistles, the steel which darts, the blood which flows, the splendid shocks, the noisy death at will! But that great mouth, silent, terrific, waiting to suck one in—No, no, no! Impossible! Never!

Thirty men had passed, had taken the lead of Vaudras. They fancied that their officer, for the best of reasons, doubtless, watched their tragic defile, and would follow, to place himself at their head again. None noted his appearance; none suspected his anguish. The "little one" afraid! Bah! "Mademoiselle" Vaudras nervous! Indeed, that is enough to terrify. What is the matter? "My lady sublieutenant is crying!"

Forty men had gone forward. The balls whistled harshly, scratching the granite walls with terrible rebounds. The Kabyles were firing volleys, continual discharges, sure that they were lost if the surging foes should reach them. Vaudras was exposing himself as a target uselessly.

All the 50 men had passed by him. He remained alone. He dismounted, meaning to try the pass on foot. His horse broke from him and hurled itself after the others. At a quarter the length of the trail its shoes slipped on the rock, it lost its footing and was whirled into the abyss, its four hoofs turned upward. Vaudras screamed, his eyes starting from their sockets. He threw himself upon his knees, he dragged himself upon his stomach, but brute instinct drew him backward. He could not go on.

At that moment he saw his men surrounded on all sides by the Kabyles, three times their number, rendered desperate by their danger. The women and children sallied from their rock crannies and hung themselves from the bridles. They plunged knives into the bellies of the horses, they scratched, they bit, they threw stones.

In that swarming of the horde, that entanglement, that furious grasp of the raving multitude, the chasseurs, suffocated, dragged down, felt their limbs grow numb. Their bleeding bodies were drenching the earth with red, and their leader was not there to inspire them, to ordain a victory.

It was faring ill with them. Their long sabers, dulled and bent, were withdrawn with difficulty from their thrusts into the masses. Their arms were weak and broken. They were powder burned, at such close range were the Kabyles firing. They were deafened by the shrieks of the children, by the howls of the women, by the roars of the men, cut, bitten, bleeding, scorched on all sides; the troops melted slowly before the multitude which assailed unceasingly. Sally, ambuscade, be the attack of what ilk it might, it meant defeat and death to the French cavalrymen.

Vaudras started once more to run forward, and with his mouth foaming he fell back once more, the last time. From afar he gazed with infinite tenderness upon his men, dying there without him; but, ah, in dying they were fighting bravely, slaying gallantly. He drew his pistol from his belt, he held it against his temple, he pressed the trigger, and the last convulsions of the death agony precipitated his corpse into that bottomless abyss which had brought upon him the accursed vertigo.
—From the French.

The 3 cent nickel piece received the authorization of congress by a law passed April 3, 1865, and its coinage was begun the same year.

SPURRED ON TO FAME

THE INFLUENCE OF LITTLE THINGS ON GREAT INVENTIONS.

Condensed History of Many Everyday Things Which Contribute to the Comfort and Happiness of Mankind—Inspiration Behind Many Great Books.

What we call the accidents of life are often the turning points of human destiny. Many of the masterpieces of art and literature owe their origin to apparently trifling incidents. Not a few discoveries in science and material progress have been made or suggested by accident.

No one can read of the struggles and the triumphs of men of genius and the various circumstances under which their works have been produced without being convinced of the influence of little things.

The discovery of glassmaking by seeing the sand vitrified upon which a fire had been kindled; the power of steam, intimated by the oscillating lid of a teakettle; the utility of coal gas for light, experimented upon with an ordinary tobacco pipe of white clay, and the magnifying property of the lens, stumbled upon by an optician's apprentice while holding spectacle glasses between his thumb and his finger, are well known instances in proof of this fact.

Galvanism was discovered by accident. Professor Galvani of Bologna, in Italy, gave his name to the discovery, but his wife is considered as entitled to the credit of it. She was in feeble health, and a dish of frogs was ordered for her. As they lay upon the table skinned she noticed that their limbs became strongly convulsed when near an electrical conductor. She called her husband's attention to the fact. He instituted a series of experiments, and in 1789 the galvanic battery was invented. Eleven years later, with that discovery for his basis, Professor Alessandro Volta, also an Italian, announced his discovery of the "voltaic pile."

Galilei was led to infer the isochronism of the vibrations of the pendulum by noticing the regular swinging of a lamp in the cathedral of Pisa. Though it was 50 years before the philosopher applied his discovery to clockwork, he at once perceived its importance and caused it to be employed by physicians in counting the pulses of their patients.

Bloncourt, in his "Great Inventions and How They Were Achieved," says that the making of plate glass was suggested by a workman's happening to break a crucible filled with melted glass. The fluid ran under one of the large flagstones with which the floor was paved, and on raising the stone to recover the glass they found it in the form of a plate, such as could not be produced by the ordinary process of blowing.

Glass pearls, though among the most beautiful, inexpensive and common ornaments worn by ladies, are produced by a very singular process. In 1656 a Venetian named Jaquin discovered that the scales of the bleakfish possess the property of communicating a pearly hue to water. He found by experimenting that beads dipped into this water assumed, when dried, the appearance of pearls. It was proved, however, that the pearly coat, when placed outside, was easily rubbed off, and the next improvement was to make the beads hollow.

The most trivial causes have produced momentous effects upon men's lives and upon the history of the world. The chance perusal of Defoe's "Essay on Projects" determined, it is said, the course of Benjamin Franklin's whole life. Benjamin West said, "A kiss from my mother made me a painter." The sight of Virgil's tomb at Naples determined Giovanni's literary vocation for life. So Gibbon was struck with the idea of writing his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" as he sat dreaming amid the ruins of the Forum.

Jean Jacques Rousseau's eccentric genius was first aroused by an advertisement offering a prize for the best essay on a certain theme, which he tried for and won. Charles Lamb, the essayist, was a government clerk for many years, and perhaps would never have been known in the world of letters but for the encouragement of Coleridge.

One evening, somewhere about 1820, a young man just in the thirties, who had spent most of his life on the sea, laid down a novel that he had been reading with the declaration that he could write a better one.

"Why don't you try?" asked his wife.

"That is just what I am going to do," he answered, and he at once set about the experiment.

This was the beginning of that remarkable literary career that endured for half a century, and the result of which was the famous "Leather Stocking Tales" and the sea tales of J. Fenimore Cooper.

The "Pickwick Papers" owe their origin to the request of the publisher of a magazine upon which Dickens was doing jobwork that he would write a serial story to fit some comic pictures that were in the publisher's possession. The first great novel of the eighteenth century, "Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded," was the outgrowth of a suggestion by two publishers, Rivington and Osbourne, to their friend, Samuel Richardson, to write a book of familiar letters on the useful concerns of life. A happy thought struck the writer when he began his work, and that was to give a connection to the letters by running the thread of a love story through them. This gave an added interest to the book and barbed the moral with a keener and surer point.

There would probably have been no Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" in our literature but for the fact that the author was imprisoned 12 years in Bedford jail, and, to beguile his time, gave us that greatest of all allegories. Samuel Johnson wrote "Rasselas" when in debt, so as to be able to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral.—Philadelphia Times.

TOLD OF A BRIGHT SONGSTER.

The Lark as a Singer, a Gallant Husband and a Savory Bird.

A bird which the Celts call a noble songster, which to French gourmets is savory, and which is of great and perennial interest to naturalists and other bird students, is the English lark. Several attempts have been made to introduce it into the United States, but such trials have met with indifferent success. Now and then a lark is seen or a small flock perhaps, but as for any such increase as would make New York city a lark market such as Dieppe, where 1,500,000 larks have been sold in a winter, there has been none.

Some men would rather get their teeth into a lark's breast than hear its sweet, sky high song, but there are others to whom the song is dear. As a singer it is famous, but as an active, thoughtful parent bird it is less known.

The American crow is crafty, avoiding the snares, the guns and traps set for it; the shrike is an imitative bird, calling its prey to it and impaling its victim that it may the easier tear it to pieces; the king bird is a daring fighter, but the lark's intelligence is of a higher order. It is said of the lark that when serious danger menaces its nest it will take one of the young birds on its back, carry it to a place of safety and return to rescue the others. It will also remove its eggs to a new nest because of some imperfection of the old. A story told by the Rev. Robert C. Nightingale is that he has seen larks fill up a nearly empty drinking place—a deep, narrow cup—with pebbles, thus bringing the water to the top, where their bills could easily reach it.

The male lark is a gallant fellow, comparing, in this respect, most favorably with the American Baltimore oriole. It will fly to the rescue of its imperiled mate with a recklessness for its own safety which places it among the leading feathered gentlemen. It is subject to hypnotic influence to a marked degree, inasmuch as a trap which dazzles its eyes is most destructive. This trap consists of a lot of pieces of looking glass stuck on a two inch upright shaft that is made to revolve rapidly in the bright sunlight. The larks come from afar to see the glistening thing and approach close to it, falling down in a sort of hypnotic paroxysm and are then easily taken in the captor's hands.

It is estimated that 100,000 larks an hour pass over Helgoland some nights in migrating time, while bags of 15,000 in a night have been made by trappers.
—New York Sun.

If Not For the Cats.

If left to himself, the London sparrow would probably multiply exceedingly, for there is enough waste from every human household to keep at least one pair of sparrows. That would give something like 1,500,000 sparrows to the area of greater London. But these figures do not represent actual facts. The sparrow population is rigorously kept down, not by want of fecundity, for, at the zoo, for instance, where food and shelter abound, the birds seem to breed at all seasons of the year, but by the operations of the natural enemy, that great fact in all wild life which even the progressive London sparrow cannot avoid. The natural enemy in this case is the London cat. If any one will count up the number of houses in his or her knowledge which do not possess a cat, the numbers and ubiquity of the natural enemy will become apparent.

Poor people keep more cats than rich people, so the small houses abound in cats. Rich people's cats, which have large houses as a rule, only catch the sparrows on their own estate, but poor cats have to poach at large, and their ravages among the young sparrows are prodigious. It has been observed that a sparrow killing cat bags, on the average, two young birds a day. No amount of correction seems to prevent their indulgence in this form of sport. They know it is wrong, but it is too fascinating. One young cat of the writer's acquaintance went into a fit after a mild beating for killing young sparrows, and as soon as he recovered went off to catch another. A cat in the same house which was surprised with two naked nestlings in its mouth slipped them underneath a mat on the stairs when it saw its mistress approaching. Nature is too strong for them, and the drawing room pussy seems no more able to resist the taste for sport than the stable cat.—London Spectator.

Trees Prevent Tornadoes.

I do not think that trees in the tornado districts are of especial value as wind breaks, but rather as presenting so many points to discharge the electricity of the atmosphere and clouds. Any green growth is of value in preventing intense heating of the soil, which increases the danger from electric action, if it does not augment its intensity. New England and the east, though favorably situated as regards an abundance of moisture, rarely have soil conditions likely to give the electricity needed for these outbursts. The west, in April, May and early June, is almost bare of green, and the conditions are quite favorable for electric increase and severe discharge. The tornado is a violent manifestation of the thunderstorm, and any method of diminishing the electricity of the air will inevitably diminish the tendency to violent outbursts. The most important thing just now is to establish beyond the shadow of a doubt the electric origin and energy of a tornado. Of course trees should be planted everywhere without waiting for anything. In Michigan forests we have so called windfalls or strips 500 feet wide and five or more miles long where trees are all blown down. The evidence is conclusive that a tornado cannot devastate a very long stretch of forest. I wish the public could be sufficiently interested to demand a thorough and exhaustive study of this remarkable phenomenon, and yet I fear in a month or two the St. Louis calamity will be forgotten and nothing will be done to prevent a repetition of it.—Professor Hazen.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

"A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new laid eggs, a dozen pegs
And a pound of rashers of ham."

I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget,
For if I chance to bring things wrong
My mother gets in such a pet.

"A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new laid eggs, a dozen pegs
And a pound of rashers of ham."

There in the hay the children play,
They're having such jolly fun,
I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,
As soon as my errands are done.

"A pound of tea at one and three,
A pot of—er—new laid jam,
Two raspberry eggs with a dozen pegs
And a pound of rashers of ham."

There's Teddy White a-flying his kite,
He thinks himself grand, I declare.
I'd like to try to fly it sky high,
Ever so much higher
Than the old church spire,
And then—and then—but there—

"A pound of three and one at tea,
A pot of new laid jam,
Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs
And a pound of rashers of ham."

Now, here's the shop, outside I'll stop
And run through my orders again.
I haven't forgot—no, ne'er a jot—
It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain.

"A pound of three at one and tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham,
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs
And a rasher of new laid jam."
—Lewiston Journal.

Turks and Armenians.

What the Turks are doing today to the Armenians they did to the Greeks in 1821, when more than 40,000 were put to the sword in the island of Chios; to the Nestorians in 1843, when the rocks and plains were covered with "the scattered bones, bleached skulls, long locks of hair plucked from the women's heads and torn portions of the garments they had worn;" to the Syrians, when the streets of Deir-el-Kamar and Zablek "ran with human gore, in which men waded ankle deep;" to the Bulgarians, when, in 1876, according to the American consul general, Eugene Schuyler, and the English blue book, more than 16,000 were butchered in the first two or three days under the very eyes of Europe. Happy Bulgaria! She did not shed her blood in vain. But what was Bulgaria's salvation proved to be Armenia's danger. The Mohammedans, driven from Sofia, Varna and Tutechuk on the Danube, crossed the Bosporus and settled in Armenia, their swords still reeking with blood. Nor were they slow in avenging their humiliation.

Just a year after the Bulgarian atrocities came the report of the total extermination by the Mohammedans of the Armenians in Bayazid. The Moslem refugees from Europe, with the memory of their defeat burning in their veins, converted Armenia into an amphitheater of plunder and murder. "These Armenians," said the government officials to the Mohammedans, "are trying to expel you from Asia, just as the Bulgarians expelled you from Europe." It is not at all strange that the fanaticism of the Turk and Kurd, once aroused by such a fear, has become uncontrollable.
—Forum.

A Complete Cure.

"Yes, sir, doctor," said the callow youth as he sat down before the stern family physician, "I'm in love. It's a bad case too. I think of her all day and I dream of her all night. She's fair and lovely and all that, but she's fickle, inconsistent and changeable. Sometimes she has me walking on air, and then again I'm so blue that I wish a comet would knock the world galley west. You don't know what it is, doctor, to be wild with joy one day and mad with pain the next."

"Why don't you marry her?"

"She won't consent. I've asked her 20 times, and she just laughs at me. I can't stand it much longer, doctor."

"I'll give you something for your liver and then I'll give you a little gratuitous advice. Just you go up to the house this evening and say: 'Here, Maggie, we've had enough of this foolishness. Now play ball. Either say straight from the shoulder that you'll have me or you won't have me.' That's the way to do business, and then stand pat. 'I want to know what's what. See?'"

Next day the youth came to report.

"Well, how did it work?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, charmingly, doctor; like magic. You're a born matchmaker. You should run a matrimonial bureau, doctor. The old gentleman didn't do a thing but kick me out and serve notice on me that if I ever came again he'd cane me."

"That's all right. You're cured, and that's all I have to do with the case."—Detroit Free Press.

Great Tide Waves.

Those who see the rise and fall of the tides in our Atlantic harbors seldom think of the wonderful career of the moon raised ocean waves which cause the tidal flux and reflux. Such billows not only cross the sea, but flow from ocean into ocean, and in this way complicated movements are set going. Thus, as Mr. Vaughan Cornish has recently reminded English readers, once in every 12 hours the moon raises a tide billow in the southern Indian ocean. When this billow passes the cape of Good Hope at noon its successor is already born, and by the time the first billow has reached the Azores islands, at midnight, the second is rounding the cape, and a third has come into existence in the southern ocean. By 4 o'clock in the morning following its passage of the cape the tide billow reaches the English channel, and there the shallow water delays it so much that it does not arrive at the strait of Dover until 10 a. m. Here the narrowing channel causes the tide to rise very high and almost puts an end to the wave. In the meantime another branch of the billow runs around the western side of the British islands, rounds the north point of Scotland and moves slowly down the eastern coast of England, until it finally flows up the Thames and laps the wharfs of London.

SOLITUDE AND SILENCE.

A Peculiar Charm Possessed by South African Scenery.

A peculiar charm which South African scenery possesses is that of primeval solitude and silence. It is a charm which is differently felt by different minds. There are many who find the presence of what Homer calls "the rich works of men" essential to the perfection of a landscape. Cultivated fields, gardens and orchards, farmhouses dotted here and there, indications in one form or another of human life and labor, do not merely give a greater variety to every prospect, but also impart an element which evokes the sense of sympathy with our fellow men and excites a whole group of emotions which the contemplation of nature, taken by itself, does not arouse.

No one is insensible to these things, and some find little delight in any scene from which they are absent. Yet there are other minds to which there is something specially solemn and impressive in the untouched and primitive simplicity of a country which stands now just as it came from the hands of the Creator. The self sufficientness of nature, the insignificance of man, the mystery of a universe which does not exist, as our ancestors fondly thought, for the sake of man, but for other purposes hidden from us and forever undiscoverable—these things are more fully realized and more deeply felt when one traverses an immense wilderness which seems to have known no change since the remote ages when hill and plain and valley were molded into the forms we see today.

Feelings of this kind powerfully affect the mind of the traveler in South Africa. They affect him in the Karroo, where the slender line of rails, along which his train creeps all day and all night across long stretches of brown desert and under the crests of stern, dark hills, seems to heighten by contrast the sense of solitude—a vast and barren solitude interposed between the busy haunts of men which he has left behind on the shores of the ocean and those still busier haunts whither he is bent, where the pick and hammer sound upon the Witwatersrand and the palpitating engine drags masses of ore from the depths of the crowded mine. They affect him still more in the breezy highlands of Matabeleland, where the eye ranges over an apparently endless succession of undulations clothed with tall grass or waving wood, till they sink in the blue distance toward the plain through which the great Zambezi takes its seaward course.—Professor James Bryce, M. P., in Century.

MASCULINE MEDICINE CHESTS.

Every Man Carries His Favorite Remedy Always With Him.

It is customary for men to sneer good naturedly at the physical weaknesses of the opposite sex, but women would doubtless be surprised could they know how generally the medicinal remedy habit permeates the ranks of their masculine friends. Think over your list of male acquaintances and pick out the few who have no ailments and carry no bottles, powders or prescriptions. They will be very few indeed, unless your list includes but very young men.

It has been said that every woman knows the best face wash on earth and is willing to part with her secret only on compulsion, but will try anything else suggested by a friend. But men are the most obstinate believers in sovereign remedies. Every man carries at least one remedy in his inside pocket and is willing to unload it on anybody who will listen or dare to test its infallibility. I have known four or five healthy looking men in a group, not one of whom would be suspected of ever being ill, draw concealed vials of pellets and little unsuspected boxes of pills and astonishingly worded prescriptions from their confidential hiding places and discourse most learnedly upon their miraculous powers.

In every case of this kind there has been at some time, more or less remote, an apparent justification of merit claimed, from which time and thenceforth forever that particular individual goes contentedly and even boastingly bound to that medicinal chariot wheel.—New York Herald.

Useful Gum Chewing.

Even so disagreeable a habit as gum chewing may once in a great while serve a useful purpose, as witness an incident narrated by the Chicago Journal:

A guest was washing his ring in a washbowl, when the diamond came out and started for the sewer. It could be seen at the turn in the pipe, but was out of reach.

The clerk of the Auditorium annex, in which the accident occurred, appeared on the scene. He was equal to the emergency. He called a bellboy and sent for a package of chewing gum. When it was brought, the boy chewed gum as he never had before. Then putting the soft, plastic quid on the end of a long lead pencil, he reached for the diamond. His aim was true. The diamond stuck in the gum and was brought out safely.

Obliged to Give Up His Elephant Chops.

"We used to have elephant chops for breakfast regularly in Africa," said a traveler who has just returned to the city after a long absence, "and occasionally we have them here, and I like 'em, but we live in a flat, the kitchen is small, we can't get but one chop into it at a time, and the cook has to stand out on the fire escape and turn it with a pitchfork, and it's such a slow, inconvenient way of cooking them that I suppose we'll have to give 'em up."—New York Sun.

His Excuse.

Magistrate—You're charged with stealing some diamond studs. Have you anything to say?

Prisoner—Well, yer worship, the card on which was the studs was marked "collar studs," so I took it as an invitation, an did collar 'em!—London Fun.

ARIZONA'S MOUNTAIN PUZZLE.

Is It a Hole Through an Inaccessible Peak or Only a Natural Mirror?

For the last half century the American residents of Tucson, A. T., have been trying to solve a mystery in the shape of what appears to be a hole through a mountain peak in plain sight from the town. In the rarefied air it looks to be only a short distance away, when in reality it is at least 40 miles. The earliest residents noticed the phenomenon, and the only difficulty that lay in the way of finding out just what it was was the fact that it was inaccessible, and when they came anywhere near the spot the hole disappeared from sight. In fact, it can only be seen from within a few miles of Tucson, and this has led many people to believe that it is not a hole at all.

By the aid of a good marine telescope the mountain can be brought to within a few miles, but not near enough to tell the exact nature of the rock formation. An astronomical telescope cannot be focused on it, as the mountain is too near. A first peep through the glass would lead one to believe that there was no mystery about it. The hole appears as plain as possible, but several days' study of the spot will develop the fact that the hole does not always look the same. Many days when the sky is dark behind the mountain the hole will appear a brilliant white, like a snowdrift, and on days when the sky is blue it will often look so dark as to be almost invisible. These facts have led many to think that it is an immense piece of mica lying with its polished surface toward the sky and reflecting the cloud formations of another part of the horizon instead of being the light seen through a hole. Viewed with the naked eye the hole simply appears as a white spot, but the telescope reveals pine trees and other details, although very indistinctly.

The range of mountains in which the strange peak can be seen is known as the Catalinas, and numerous parties have made the attempt to climb it, but all have failed on account of the steep and rugged precipices in the vicinity. The peak is a high one and can be seen from any point in the journey toward it, but when ten miles out of Tucson the hole can no longer be seen, even with the aid of a glass. This can be explained on the mica theory, as a surface of that material would not reflect a ray of light toward a person's eye after they got out of its angle of projection.—San Francisco Call.

LIFE WITH THE CIRCUS.

Incidents Attending the Visit to a Laundry of a High Collar.

"Walking along the streets one day in a town where we were showing," said a retired circus man, "the old man saw in a laundry window a sign reading 'Collars and cuffs 2 cents.'

" 'Do you take any kind of collars at that price?' he asked the laundryman.

" 'Yes; oh, yes,' said the laundryman. 'Everything goes here.'

"We had a giraffe at the time that we used to dress up for the evening parade in a sort of a dude costume with a high collar reaching from its shoulders up to under its head. The old man got one of the giraffe's collars and had it sent down to the laundry to be done up. When the laundryman opened the bundle and spread it out on the counter, he says, 'What's this?' and the man that had brought it down said that it was one of the giraffe's collars.

" 'By gosh! That's so,' said the laundryman, just as though giraffe's collars used to be a common item of the wash in his laundry, but he hadn't had very many come in lately and they'd kind o' escaped his mind.

" 'Five o'clock,' he said when the man asked when it would be ready, and at 5 o'clock the man found it waiting for him done up in a roll about as big as a stovepipe.

" 'How much?' he asked.

" 'Two cents' said the laundryman, and he swept the 2 cents off the counter into the drawer without turning a hair. He was game plumb through. But the old man was no chump. He sent the laundryman a dollar, which was about what the work was worth, and a couple of complimentary tickets. That night the laundryman came to the circus. He was just as cool as ever, but you could see that he was pleased, easy enough when he saw the giraffe come out wearing the collar that had been done up in his laundry."—New York Sun.

"Clean" Money.

A clerk in the redemption division of the treasury department says that the "cleanest" paper money in circulation is that which circulates in Washington, while the dirtiest is that which comes in from Chicago for redemption. St. Louis is a close second to Chicago, and Cincinnati next. New York is next to Washington in the record for clean money, Philadelphia next, while Baltimore ranks next to Cincinnati for having dirty money. The money that comes in from Chicago, besides being dirty, is always much mutilated, so much so, he said, that there is twice as much time consumed in patching it up prior to cancellation as there is in counting it.—Washington Star.

Took It Literally.

A little maiden of 7 years attended the wedding of an elder brother. The Episcopal service, heard for the first time, made a deep impression on her mind. A few days after, she called to see the bride and found her sitting on her husband's lap. Looking at them wistfully for a few moments, she exclaimed, "Oh, yes, I see—to have and to hold."—Exchange.

Queer.

"There is always one thing I can't understand when a valuable dog is poisoned."

"Well, what is it?"

"The loss always occurs the day after the owner has refused $500 for the beast."—Chicago Record.

THE THRONE OF THUNDER.

It Is the Highest Point on the Western Side of Africa.

Mungo Mam Lobeh, the throne, or place, of thunder, as the natives call it, the peak of Kameruns as the whites call it, is the highest point on the western side of the African continent.

The first view the voyager gets of it, who, coming from the northward, has been coasting for weeks along low shores and up the stagnant rivers fringed with mangrove swamp, is a thing no man can ever forget. Suddenly, right up out of the sea, the great mountain rises to its 13,760 feet, while close at hand, to westward, towers the lovely island mass of Fernando Po to its 10,190 feet, and great as is its first charm every time you see it it becomes greater, although it is never the same. Five times I have been in the beautiful bay at its foot and have never seen it twice alike. Sometimes it is wreathed with indigo black tornado clouds, sometimes crested with snow, sometimes standing out hard and clear as though made of metal, and sometimes softly gorgeous, with green, gold, purple and pink vapors tinted by the sunset.

There are only two distinct mountains, or peaks, to this glorious thing that geologists brutally call "an intrusive mass"—Big Kamerun and Little Kamerun. The latter, Mungo Mah Etindah, has not yet been scaled, though it is only 5,820 feet. One reason for this doubtless is that people desirous of going up mountains, a rather rare form of human being in fever stricken, overworked west Africa, naturally try for the big peak; also the little peak is mostly sheer cliff, and covered with almost impenetrable bush. Behind the Kamerun mountain, inland, there are two chains of mountains, or one chain deflected, bearing the names of the Rumbi and Omon mountains.

These are little known at present, and are clearly no relation of Mungo's. They are almost at right angles to it, and are, I believe, infinitely older in structure, and continuous with the many named range we know in Kongo Francaise as the Sierra del Crystal. In a southwest direction from Kamerun mountain, out in the Atlantic, is a series of volcanic islands, presumably belonging to the same volcanic line of activity—Principe, 3,000 feet; San Thome, 4,913 feet, and farther away still, Ascencion, St. Helena and the Tristan d'Acunha groups.—National Review.

THE FIRST CARRIAGE IN MAINE.

How a Minister Came to Buy It and Why He Sold It.

The Rev. Francis Winter was a native of Boston and a graduate of Harvard college. He went to Bath early in 1767, and after preaching on probation for the Orthodox church was invited to settle, which invitation he accepted. He was ordained in the autumn of the same year. He went to Bath on horseback in company with Lemuel Standish. Mr. Winter came from Boston, where he had associated with such eminent men as Adams, Otis and Warren, himself becoming an ardent patriot, taking the lead in the Revolutionary measures adopted in Bath during that memorable period.

Mr. Winter married Miss Abigail Alden in 1768, and it is through her that the Winters of today trace their ancestry back to the "Puritan Maiden of Plymouth."

Three years after the marriage of the Rev. Francis Winter and Abigail Alden they started to visit a sister of Mrs. Winter, living in Connecticut, and intended to ride all the way on horseback, but Mrs. Winter became so fatigued that Mr. Winter sold one of the horses for a carriage and harness. It was the first carriage that ever came into Maine and was called a chaise. Traveling was so difficult that two negroes were employed to accompany them with shovels and axes to clear the road. Several times the chaise had to be taken apart and lifted over fallen trees. The minister's parishioners thought that it was putting on too much style for their pastor to ride in a carriage, and in consequence Mr. Winter sold it. This was in 1771. It was a two wheeled chaise, the body resting on leather braces, which were attached to wooden springs.—Lewiston Journal.

What Kills Many.

A coroner in Australia recently reasoned out a verdict more sensibly than one-half the verdicts usually rendered. It appeared that an Irishman, conceiving that a little powder thrown upon some green wood would facilitate its burning, directed a small stream from a keg upon the burning piece, but not possessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut this supply off was blown into a million pieces.

The following was the verdict, delivered with great gravity by the official: "Can't be called suicide, bekase he didn't mean to kill himself. He didn't die for want of breath, for he hadn't anything to breathe with. It's plain he didn't know what he was about, so I shall bring in—died for want of common sense."

An English "Bull."

Sir Francis Scott, the British commander in the recent expedition against Ashanti, is not believed to be a countryman of Sir Boyle Roche, but in reviewing the troops after their return to England he made a remark which is almost worthy to stand beside some of those of the celebrated maker of "bulls."

Sir Francis, in addressing his men, said: "You were no doubt disappointed because this campaign gave you no opportunity to fight; but if there had been any fighting, there would have been many absent faces here today."—Youth's Companion.

No Argument Against Tobacco.

Old Drywater—My boy, in all creation you won't find any animal except man who makes a habit of smoking.

Young Puffs—Yes, sir. But neither do I know any other animal that cooks his meals!—Pick Me Up.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.

State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., E. St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

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County President, L. Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.

County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, Room 306, 120 Randolph-st.
Vice President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 209 S. Peoria-st.
Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 246 E. Forty-third-st.
Vice President, Thomas McHugh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
Treasurer, William C. Moore.
Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 3045 Deering-st.
Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First Sunday each month at 3 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Robey-st.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first-st.
Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
Meets First Sunday each month at 2:30 p. m. in Mathei's hall, Canalport and Union-avs.

DIVISION 5.

President, James J. Brennan, 467 W Fifteenth st.
Vice President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 65 Nixon-st.
Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
Treasurer, Thomas Donovan.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison-sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton-av.
Vice President, John Doody.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Goldin, 4417 Union-av.
Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.
Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 235 Washburn-av.
Vice President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 117 E. Erie-st.
Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, D. M. Duggan, 329 Ninety-second-st.
Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4125 State-st.
Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 735 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, Hugh J. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Vice President, James F. Murray.
Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand ave. and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

President, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
Vice President, J. F. Lyons.
Recording Secretary, Mat Corcoran, 3827 Wentworth av.
Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays of each month at S. W. corner of Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
Meets First and Third Thursdays each month in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn street.
Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 6 South Lincoln st.
Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, Thomas McMahon, 5818 Justine st.
Vice President, Patrick McMahon.
Recording Secretary, Jas. Flannigan, 811 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney.
Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
Meets Fourth Friday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, 8 p. m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth avenue.
Vice President, Lawrence Henely.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 West Kinzie street.
Vice President, James Collins.
Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2222 West Kinzie st.
Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhoffen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President, James Thomas, 4527 Dryer street
Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted street.

DIVISION 20.

President, Joseph J Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice President, Michael Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, John J. Quinlan, 502 Twenty-sixth st.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday at 2901 Union av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Patrick Stenson, 1104 Clybourn av.
Vice President, Ed O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, David Madden, 83 Tyson av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month in Kuehl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs.

DIVISION 22.

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Vice President, J. S. Carrier.
Recording Secretary, T. H. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyon.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.
Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

DIVISION 23.

President, William J. Doherty, 1259 W. Forty-seventh st.
Vice President, John McGaughan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James McCann.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Schumacher's hall, 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, John W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice President, Michael Galvin.
Recording Secretary, P. W. Rowe, Box 312, LaGrange, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Edward Dooley.
Treasury, Patrick Close.
Meets the Second and Fourth Monday of each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice President, John D. Maloney.
Recording Secretary, Thos. D. Fitzgerald, 1008 S. Robey st.
Financial Secretary, James Egan.
Treasurer, John T. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State street.
Vice President, Thomas Killoughy.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 845 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, W. F. Garritty.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice President, Patrick J. Moran.
Recording Secretary, Frank J. Mooney, 3618 Western av.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney.
Treasurer, John Larney.

DIVISION 28.

President, John Flanagan, 1110 West Park av.
Vice President, James Tracy.
Recording Secretary, W. E. Moran, 1540 West Polk st.
Financial Secretary, E. A. Craighton.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays in DeSoto hall, VanBuren and Francisco st.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keys, 2393 116th st., Kensington.
Vice President, John Maguire.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully.
Treasurer, Charles Corkey.
Meets First and Third Thursdays of each month in Holy Rosary church basement, 115th st. and South Park av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thomas Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice President, P. J. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday of each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av, 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av.
Vice President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, L. O. Fitzpatrick, 1006 West Lake st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur McGinn.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets First Monday and Third Friday each month in St. Malachi's school hall.

DIVISION 35.

President, Patrick F. Holden.
Vice President, Michael J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

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Vice President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Wm. H. McMahon, 5483 Lake av.
Financial Secretary, Bartley Owens.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month, in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.
Treasurer, Patrick Prendergast.
Meet Second Thursday of each month in Broomstead's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

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President, Miss Bina Harkins, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, Miss Mary Kelly.
Recording Sec'y, Miss Anna O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Sec'y, Mrs. M. Beckman.
Treasurer, Mrs. M. Denne.
Meet the 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. in St. Patrick's hall.

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Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

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Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

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Recording Secretary, Helen Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Financial Secretary, Margaret Roche.
Treasurer, Jane Cummings.
Meets First and Third Sunday in Hall B, 206 LaSalle st.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

Parnell Council No. 26 meets on 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Corcoran's hall, Forty-seventh street and Princeton avenue at 3 p. m. President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State st; Vice-Pres, Joseph J. Healy; Rec. Sec., J. T. Scott, 702 W. Forty-third st.; Fin. Sec., Wm. McNicholas; Treas., Edward Hogan.

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A Patent Flycatcher.

A machine for catching flies off the backs of cattle, and so affording the animals relief and comfort, has been invented by a farmer in Madison county, Ky. The flycatcher is a kind of covered pen or passageway through which the animal must walk to secure relief. A few feet from the entrance there is a cupola or dome in the roof of the passageway, made of glass and arranged as a flytrap. Beyond this the passage is darkness. The animal walks through the machine, and just as it passes under the dome and enters the darkened part a set of brushes sweeps off the flies, which naturally rise into the lighted dome, and the steer passes out at the other side free of flies. The flies are retained in the dome trap. The inventor has experimented with his machine and finds that the animals soon learn the value of the machine and know enough to walk through it when the flies begin to bite. The device has been patented.

Philosophical.

Miss Crummer—Why are you constantly postponing the wedding?

Mrs. Widdowweeds—Ah, my dear, you have no idea how much more interesting a man is as a lover than as a husband.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Its Drawback.

"I never did like that theater," observed Mrs. Caswell as they drove home after the play. "Its acrostic properties are very defective."—Chicago Tribune.

THE POSTPONED THIRD ANNUAL PICNIC
OF THE
Ancient Order Hibernians
Of Cook County,
SUNDAY, AUG. 30,
At COLUMBIA PARK, On Santa Fe Railroad.

Proceeds to be used for Erection of a Monument in A.O.H. Lot in Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

PARTIAL LIST OF ATTRACTIONS—Boating and Fishing, Games, Races, Military Drills, Dancing, Contests, Band Concerts, Vocal Concerts. Refreshments served on the grounds. Twenty-three Games. Forty-six Prizes.

THREE TRAINS—First Train leaves Polk-st. Depot over Western Indiana R. R. at 9:30 a. m. sharp, stopping as follows: 31st st, 39th st, 43d st, 49th and Halsted sts. and 49th and Ashland av. stations. Second Train leaves Santa Fe Depot, Polk st, at 10:30 a. m., stopping at 23d st, Archer av, and Deering st. and Western av. Third Train will leave depot at 1:30 p. m., same route as first train. Returning at 6:30 p. m.

TICKETS, for Round Trip - - - 50 CENTS

Tickets Sold for July 30 will be Honored Aug. 30.

MUSIC BY WALSH'S ORCHESTRA.

ESTABLISHED 1856. INCORPORATED 1895.

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SOAPS.

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Our Specialties: AMERICAN WAX, MOTTLED GERMAN, ORIENTAL GERMAN, WHITE ELECTRIC, CELEBRATED GERMAN, CELEBRATED CHAMPION, GERMAN FAMILY, PURE ELECTRIC CHIPPED SOAP, especially adapted for Laundry and Hotel use, and different grades of SOFT SOAPS.

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Business Directory.

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Geo. E. Gorman,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
79 DEARBORN ST. SUITE 541-3.
Telephone Main 860.

C. L. MAHONY. JOS. M'CALLUM. P. B. FLANAGAN.
MAHONY, M'CALLUM & FLANAGAN,
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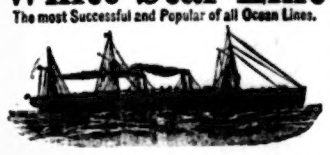

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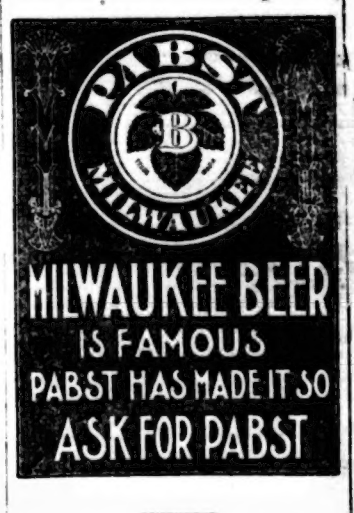

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